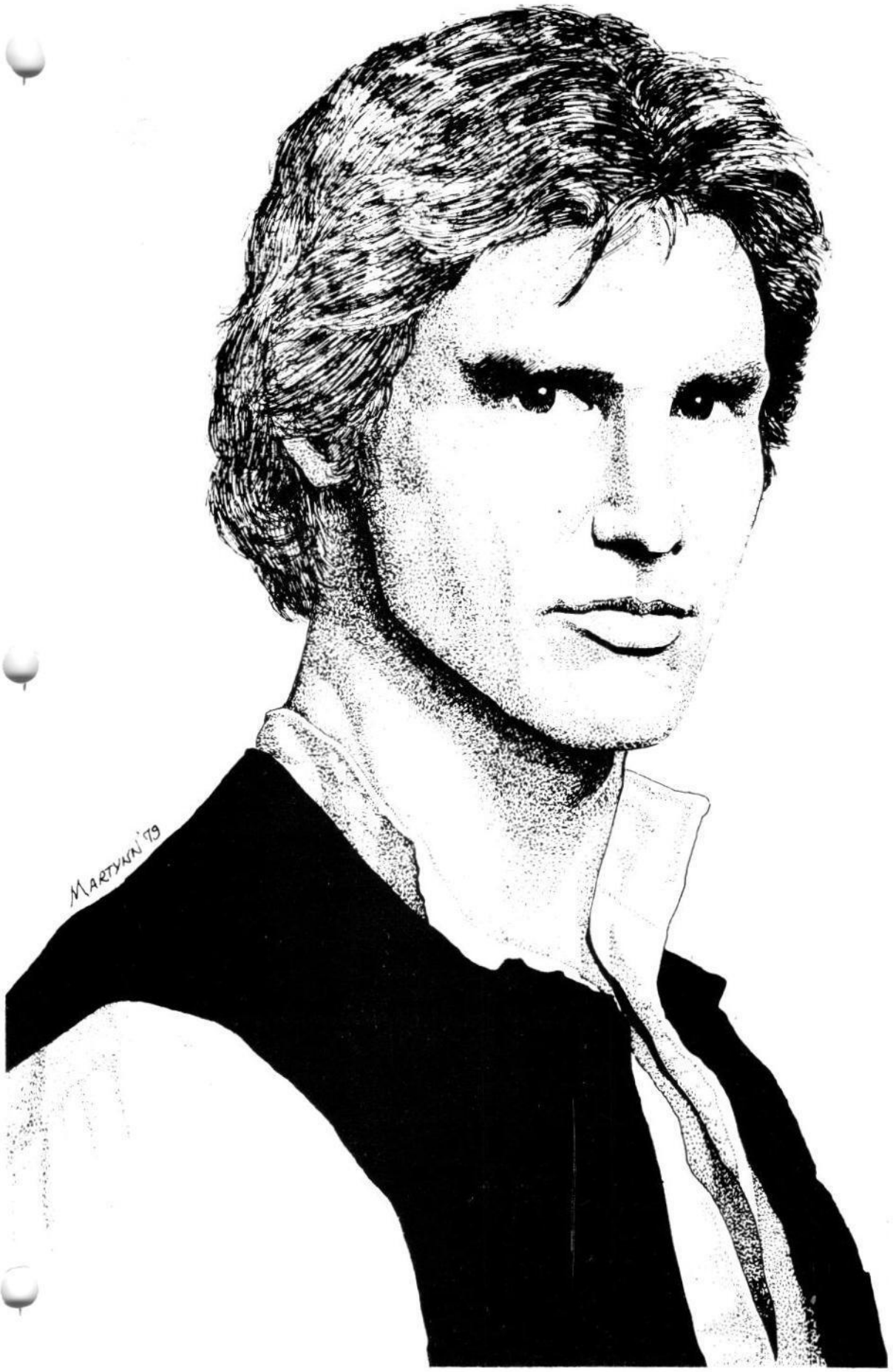


# FACETS 3

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Front Cover: Martynn

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# EDITORIAL

Well, we're back again folks, thanks to our talented writers and artists who get the work in on time -- even if we did accidentally say the deadline was March! Thanks again Paulie. Thanks too to Martynn for our spectacular front cover and for letting us have it after we spotted it half-done in her sketchbook. Now if we could just get the rest of what is in there..... And a special word of thanks to Gordon Carleton. Who else could have illoed a cake recipe?!

We have a couple of things in the 'oops' column this time out. First off, we neglected to give credit where credit is due. The lovely Halloran that graces the title page in #2 is by Catherine Strand. Sorry Cathy, we didn't mean to forget you. Secondly, we have heard rumblings that there were a couple of LoCs printed without permission in #2. We thought we had everyone's permission, but, obviously, we did not. If the offended parties would write to us we would be glad to appologize. Meanwhile, we are going to instate a policy that if you want your letter used as a LoC designate it as such, otherwise it will not be printed.

You may have noticed that there is a 'Rafferty' after the name Firmstone in this issue. The reason is that by the time the next issue comes out that will be my legal name. No, I'm not getting married, quite the opposite. And since my Irish blood rebels at being stuck with an English name for the rest of my life it is going to be legally changed sometime this spring. Hope no one finds it too confusing.

This has been a busy winter fannishly, what with the sudden spate of SF films, the showing of both "Hanover Street" and "Force Ten" on HBO and the network running of "The Possessed". For those of us with video tapers it's been a feast after a very long famine. "Empire" is looming larger on the horizon -- it would be hard for it not to considering the poor showing that both "Star Trek; The Motion Picture" and "The Black Hole" made. "ST:TMP" was at least Science Fiction. We're not sure what "TBH" was, besides bad, I mean. Chest-buster scene and all "Alien" seems to have been the best of the SF films this year.

"Apocalypse Now" has finally made it into release. We haven't seen it and have no intention of doing so. From all the reports we've gotten, most of the fans who have seen it wish they hadn't. We understand that HF is very good in his part as Col. Lucas, however this offers little inducement for gentle persons like ourselves. We do warn anyone who does go that an ox is sacrificed on screen. There is no longer a code as to what you can do and what you can't do to animals on screen. If something looks as thought it is being killed -- it probably is. This is one of our pet peeves and you'll probably be hearing more about it in future issues. If this sort of thing bothers you -- write. Write to the studios, the directors, the distributers and the actors. It's the way the code was instated in the first place. If we did it once -- we can do it again!

On a happier topic; our thanks to the people who sent word of us to their friends overseas. Now FACETS is truely an international zine. The caption from our cartoon contest comes from Eva Albertson in Hakkasbyn Sweden, the beautiful photo-art for "Lament for a Corellian Wake" is from Leonard May in Bochum West Germany and the portrait for Dynasty is from J.J. Adamson from Trott Park, S. Australia!

"Frisco Kid" is now making its European rounds under at least two titles. In Germany it was released under the title "Ein Rabbi im Wilden Westen" and general European release is "The Rabbi and the Gunfighter", a slight misnomer as Tommy doesn't seem all that inclined to be a gunfighter. It is doing well overseas and managed to make it up to being the #5 moneymaker at the time of its release here. Much better than the poor, beleagered "Hanover Street", which was pulled from its German run. "HS" is doing fairly well in the English based countries. Perhaps because the British look at things a little differently than we do.

On the home front, HF is looking at scripts again, tho he hasn't found the right one yet. He is working on his beautiful home and just enjoying a well-earned rest. By the way, if you should run into a tall, handsome man who looks strangely familiar behind that bushy beard and moustache, say; "Hello, Mr. Ford."

A note not too far out of season: Our winter issue is shaping up to be a holiday issue. We already have two beautiful Christmas stories, one for Ken Boyd and one for Bob Falfa and we are looking for more. Any holiday is acceptable; Hanukkah, Christmas, Lifeday, Solstice, Thanksgiving, whatever. We are also looking for artists for this issue. Deadline for prose/poetry is July 1st. Art deadline is Nov. 1st. We hope to be in print by mid-November.

# The MarketPlace

## SW ZINES

WARPED SPACE, available from Lori Carleton, 5132 Jo-Don Dr., E. Lansing, Mich. 48823. Offset reduced. Current ish #42 with #43 due out any day now. SW/ST/ general media SF zine. Most back issues still available. SASE for price and information. ((Highly recommended))

FALCON'S FLIGHT, available from Ellen Blair, Box 5117 T.T.U., Cookeville, Tenn. 38501. Photocopy unreduced. Current ish #3. All back issues still available. Also from Ellen, "Quest into Otherwhere", a SF novel, limited run. SASE for prices on all of the above.

GALACTIC FLIGHT, available from Christine Jeffords 630 Bloomfield Ave., Verona, N.J. 07044. Photocopy unreduced. Current ish #3, with a limited number of #1 still available. SASE for price.

ALDERAAN, from Kzinti Press, P.O. Box 8554, Toledo Ohio, 43623. Offset reduced. SW letterzine containing fan comments, reviews, and fine art. Sample: 50¢ + SASE. Sub rates 4/$2.40. Make checks payable to Kzinti Press ((Recommended))

MOS EISLEY TRIBUNE, available from Jan Sidwell, P.O. Box 40973, Nashville, Tenn. 37204. Offset unreduced. Current ish #4, back issues still available. Also from MET, a SW novel, "Storm" by Ann Wilson; details the fall of the Republic and Skywalker and subsequent rise of Darth Vader. SASE for price and availability.

LANDSPEEDER, available from Lisa Adolf, 5202 Beach Dr., Bremerton, Wash. 98310. Photocopy unreduced. SW 'funzine' with information. poetry, short- short fiction and art as well as letters. Contributions always welcome. SASE for more details.

FUTURA PUBLICATIONS, from J.J. Adamson, 33 Whitely Rd., Trott Park, S. Australia, 5158, has several publications: SOLO, a zine devoted to Han Solo; HI GAIN, a Harrison Ford zine, with rafts of photos we can't get over here, plus fine artwork; VENDETTA, a SW novel; and EMPIRE STAR, a SW fanzine. SASE for price and information.

TO LOVE A QUEEN, available from Millenium Press, P.O. Box 7249 Lincoln Acres, Cal. 92047. Photooffset. SW novel is a Han/Leia love story that contains no X-rated material. Estimated publication date: March 1980. SASE for further info.

FANTASM, available from C.C. Terry, 521 Oakview Dr., Dayton, Ohio, 45429. Offset. SW/ST/ Superman fanzine. Projected publication date: July 1980. Fiction and artwork still needed, deadline May 31, 1980. SASE for further information.

TWIN SUNS, available from Jani Hicks, 807 Patterson Rd., Apt B, Dayton, Ohio, 45419. Reduced offset SW zine due May 1980. Accepting contributions of art for #1 and prose/poetry/art for #2. SASE for more information.

REVISIONS IV, available from Beth Bowles, 807 M, Patterson Rd., Dayton, Ohio 45419. Mimeo with offset art, due out March 1980. $5 3rd class, $5.50 1st class. SASE for more information.

JEDI QUARTERLY, available from J.L. Dusek, 280 9th Ave., Granite Falls, MN. 56241, needs contributions. Looking for art, poetry, songs, reviews, cartoons, etc. Deadline Feb. 29th (can be extended) with publication scheduled for May 1980. SASE for more information.

## ASSORTED ZINES

SPICA, available from Charlene Fleming, 13029 NE 73rd St., Kirkland, WA. 98033. We didn't receive the ad for this one in time to tell you more than the fact that it's ½ STAR WARS. Please SASE Charlene for more information.

FORUM, from KathE Donnelly, 6302 S. Spotswood St. Littleton, CO. 80120. FORUM takes up where SCUTTLEBUTT left off. It is a clearing house of information on all aspects of fanzines. Rates are; $6.75 - 9 issues, $3.60 - 4 issues, $1 - 1 issue, all first class. Overseas/Canada - SASE.

SAHSHEER, available from Kay Johnson, 107 W. Pocahontas Ln., Kansas City, Mo. 64114. Offset reduced. Current ish #1 with #2 on the way. New Trek zine, high quality printing. SASE for info.

## VARIOUS AND SUNDRY

CHIMERA CREATIONS, C.C. Terry, 521 Oakview Dr., Dayton, Ohio 45429. All kinds of delightful stuff: embroidered belts, purses, shoulder bags, tote bags, wall hangings with dragons pegasoids, unicorns and more. SASE for more information.

PHOTOS: Elyse Dickenson, 43 Topfield Rd., Wilton Conn. 06897 has 35 mm. photos from various HF movies and talk shows. Also Langella photos and others. $1 each + postage. SASE for more info. ((Highly recommended))

STATIONARY, PHOTOS: Paulie Gilmore, 907 Argyle, Apt. 307, Chicago, Ill. 60640 has stationary and note cards with various subjects including Solo, Starsky & Hutch and Alien. Also will do custom calligraphy, badges and commission art work; prices on request. Also has fine photos from SW, S&H and others, $1 + postage each. SASE for more info. ((All items highly recommended))

LANGELLA ITEMS WANTED: Lori Carleton, 5132 Jo-Don Dr., E. Lansing, MI. 49823, will trade Frank Langella/DRACULA clippings, photos, etc., and/or xeroxes of same. SASE for more information. ((She's got some really fine stuff))

WANTED; anything and everything on Harrison Ford. Will buy or trade for glossy photos, many of which aren't available in the States. Contact Leonard May, Am Gerstkamp 21, 4630 Bochum West Germany.

more »

# BOOKS

HEROES, James Carabatsos. The Ken Boyd in this book is totally different from the man we see on the screen. He is cold, with a barely contained streak of violence. Not at all the gentle Kenny portrayed. Still, it is an interesting characterization and well worth your while. Order number 0-425-03718-5, $1.75 + 30¢ per copy. Berkley Publishing Corp., 390 Murray Hill Parkway, E. Rutherford, N.J. A free list of all books in print is available from this address. This book may not still be in print.

FORCE TEN FROM NAVARONE, Alistair MacLean. An excellent book that has very little to do with the picture. You might want to read it anyway and picture HF as Dusty Miller. Dusty is a true hero, he's scared to death, but he does his job anyway. Order by title, $1.75 + 50¢ postage and handling for the first book and 25¢ for each additional book to Mail Order Dept. Fawcett Publications, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Conn., 06830. No charge for postage on orders of 5 books or more. Should still be in print.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI, George Lucas. Done in screen play format, it is an excellent guide to the film. Order number 23690, $1.50 + 75¢ postage and handling. Ballentine Books, same address as above. This book may or may not still be in print.

THE FRISCO KID, Robert Grossbach. An excellent treatment of the film. It offers some background for Tommy Lillard and a bit more insight as to what makes him the man he is. It is well written and basically true to the movie. To order send $1.95 + 50¢ per order and 10¢ per copy to cover mailing and handling costs. New York and California residents must add appropriate sales tax. Check or money order only to Warner Books, P.O. Box 690, New York, N.Y., 10019.

HANOVER STREET, Maureen Gregson. What the movie should have been. A delightful love story well told. The love scenes are warm and the adventure exciting. Hyams should have had Gregson do his screen play. Order number 12413-7, $2.25 + 75¢ postage and handling. Send check or money order only to Ballentine Books, Inc., Dept FBS, 414 East Golf Rd., Des Plaines, Ill., 60016. A catalog of all Ballentine titles may be ordered for 50¢, same address as above, Dept. FC.

GETTING STRAIGHT, Ken Kolb. An interesting book. Jake in the film seems to be more Pete in the book, a nice quiet sort of guy who doesn't want to offend anyone. Jake, on the other hand, mainlines coke, whiskey and sex -- all at the same time. One gets the feeling that it would have been a more interesting movie if they had left Jake's part alone and let HF play it as it was written. Number S3684, 75¢. Bantam Books Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. This book is definitely out of print. Your best bet is a book finding service or used book store.

Supplemental reading:

THE ACTOR'S LIFE, Charleton Heston. A well written book that gives a pretty good look into the life of a working actor. It's not all fun by any means and stardom can be a pain in the ass. To order send $2.95 + any local sales tax + 35¢ per book to Mail Service Dept., Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., 10020. Catalog sent free on request.

BORN ON THE FORTH OF JULY, Ron Kovic. A gut-wrenching book about the before, during and after of Vietnam by a man who was as wounded in body as Ken Boyd was in soul. This book is <u>not</u> fiction and, if you can take it, will give you a good idea of what Kenny went through to become what he is today. Send $1.95 + any local sales tax + 35¢ per book to Mail Service Dept., Pocket Books, same address as above.

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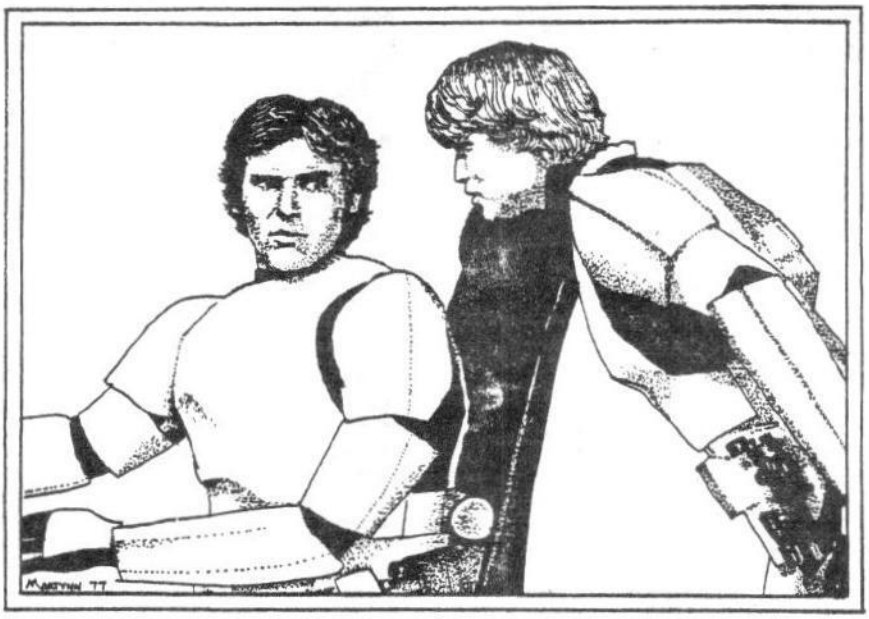
"What <u>now</u>? All right, kid, third door to your left."



Captioned by Eva Albertson of Hakkasbyn Sweden
who really <u>does</u> come from Hoth.

If you have a better caption for this cartoon send it to us. If printed you will receive a free copy.

# Letters of Comment

Nancy Patrick, Box 115, Clune PA., 15727

A good zine and even knowing that this was supposed to be the special "Hanover Street" issue I do wish that there had been a greater mix from other films. I'm glad to see that FACETS is going to a longer format soon. The art was exceedingly good throughout. How nice to see HF's that do look like HF's screen characters.

The editorial was both interesting and informative. I've heard elsewhere that it does end with Han suspended in a stasis field. Lucas has got to be joking! THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK has got to be the understatement of the century! Are you sure that Alan Dean Foster isn't secretly behind all of this? It sure sounds like it after the "Splinter" fiasco. I mean, I read "get" stories and even enjoy them, provided that the characters get out in one piece, but Luke's dismembered: that's too many pieces for my taste. "Get" stories may be fine to read but I'm not wild about torture on the silver screen or anywhere else for that matter. Am I still going to see TESB? Yes. Will I see it more than once? I really don't know. Will I see it 10 times? I really doubt it. Will my friends who aren't SW fanatics see it? Probably, but they aren't wild about the rumors either.

Well, now that I've said my little piece about Lucas and TESB I'll climb down off my little soap box plastered with SW stickers and get back to the zine at hand. I'm glad to see that you're maintaining your defense of HF's privacy in the editorial section. Half the time the poor man probably feels like a monkey in a cage, even if most of the people are well-meaning but a little star struck. (A good book on the problems actors face when they finally make it in both their personal lives and their screen images is Charleton Heston's THE ACTOR'S LIFE. I think it's prabably the best book on actors, their craft and Hollywood's glitter and behind the machinations from an actor's viewpoint yet written.

Really like the Marketplace section. Now was that cartoon (pg.4) nice? Just kidding. It fit terrifically, but I prefer HF without the helmet.

I really do wish they had released the "HS" soundtrack. I talked to a dealer down at the Pittsburgh con and he couldn't figure it out either. ((It has been released along with the "Force 10" soundtrack -- but only in Japan!))

My favorite piece in the zine is a tie between Kelly's "And Leave Your Friends And Go" and Martynn's "Margaret's Epilogue".

"Hanover Street: Revisited" interesting but confusing. Maybe I shouldn't say anything at all since romance films are not at all my thing. I went in expecting far less and was pleasantly surprised to discover that they delivered far more that I had expected and were entertaining to boot.

Overall, I consider it to be a very confusing review. In one place she refers to it as trite and garbage and then in another she recommends it for specifics of performance. Overall the review is as confusing as to why Margaret drops the teapot and as frustrating to figure out. I thought you guys were going to avoid hatchet jobs. This one looks like she took after it with a chain saw. Please tell Susan that she had some really good points, but that the axe should have been a bit duller.... or does 'no hatchets' only apply to our beloved HF? ((Nope. Ask us what we thought of "The Black Hole.))

Ashley McConnell, 7100 Natalie NE, Apt. A8, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87110.

To LoC on the LoC, one of my favorite parts of any zine: Samantha Blackley's letter makes me repeat my plea from an earlier letter: Is it possible to put together a list of films that HF has been in? I missed "Dynasty", too, because I only watch Bugs Bunny cartoons on TV anymore. And I also missed the incredible disappearing "Hanover Street", much to my resentment -- maybe they'll run it by again? Sell it to TV? Whatever? ((It ran on HBO in January and will probably be picked up by other pay-TV before making network))

However "Frisco Kid" was in town long enough to catch -- the best thing about that movie is that it could so easily have been 'Han Solo in the Old West' and wasn't. Nice going. (And I can't be the only one wondering for one split second what happened to the man's voice in his first lines, when he holds up the train, can I? Coulda sworn they either got somebody else to dub those lines, or something -- but a minute or two later I was used to it. That's good folks.

Re Nancy Patrick's letter -- when did Lucas ask fans not to duplicate the K/S stuff? Was it as a con, or via someone's crystal ball, or what? I've always been a trifle curious about just how aware actors are of fan writing activity specifically (they're all to aware of the little kids following them down the street screaming, obviously. Unfortunately). Roddenberry is, but Lucas and his group are not quite the same kettle of mackerel. I also think Nancy is right a lot of the pan pieces are definately pro quality. I was dreadfully disappointed by Foster's book, Especially since he did so well on the "Log" books. Daley does marginally all right, but his Han Solo isn't quite ... well. Anyway, I can't see Lucas realistically asking us to "honor his killing off of Han Solo", because it just isn't going to happen. There are too many stories that can be written about the character. Sure, we may wipe him out one minute, but -- well -- how many lives does a Corellian cat have?

Sherry Magee, 3124 Wilkins Way, Charmichael, CA., 95608

Where shall I begin? The artwork is fantastic. My favorites for this issue include Paulie Gilmore's gorgeous cover, your drawings, Kelly, and J.J.'s fine picture. Martynn's fine as usual. I've become especially fond of her picture of Halloran drinking tea, perhaps because I recall the scene with some fondness.

I felt Susan Prather's review was right on the mark. The film had flaws you could drive a convoy through; yet I saw it six times and would probably go see it again, if it turned up at a local theater. I think Harrison did the best job he could have, especially since the dialogue was written for another actor, initially. As most of us know, Kris Kristofferson dropped out of the filming part way through. I'm a fan of his and the first thing I thought upon see the film was; 'all Halloran's lines are written for his (Kris') speech pattern.' Sure HF is a good actor, but it can't have made his job any easier. Did anyone else get that feeling?

Perhaps Maggie and Halloran's relationship seemed so improbable at first was that Peter Hyams presupposed that the audience would understand what it was like to live in Englad and especially in London during the Blitz. Most of us have no

concept of living in a country that is being bombed; of blackouts, or ration coupons for food, or sleeping underground because your house was destroyed. The terror and desperation that people lived with on a daily basis provided the foundation for the Halloran/Margaret relationship, but this essence was lacking in the film. The war scenes occured after we saw their obvious attraction for one another and it didn't work.

Enjoyed all the poetry. Each one captured a poignant moment from the film. Martynn's was my favorite, if I have to choose one. It conveyed the essence of living with quiet desperation.

Glad you printed the address for HF. I will drop him a line about "Frisco Kid" and will mention "Heroes" too. Had the pleasure of watching "Heroes" again about two weeks ago. I agree with Denise Edwards that it remains HF's finest performance. It's a subtle portrayal, and every moment, every line reading conveys the impotence and frustration, and pain that have trapped Kenny. The performance is a joy to watch.

As to the controversy over the fate of Han in TESB, well, SW and it's characters are the creations of George Lucas and he has the right to do with them as he pleases. However, I feel that the sequel will suffer enormously if Han is killed or left in suspended animation. We left SW feeling fine, like we could whip our weight in stormtroopers; even Ben didn't really seem to be gone -- just transferred to a higher plane of consciousness. That fate won't work for Han; wings or a disembodied voice? No way! The disappointment that the audience would feel would affect the corporation right where it lives -- in the pocketbook. I sincerely hope our smuggler friend is given a more pleasant fate, whether HF does the third feature or not. I don't hink portraying Han the SW sequels had been injurious to HF's career either. Harrison has certainly shown that he has no intention of playing only one type of character. He's capable enough to handle the Han 'identity crisis'.

Lori Chapek-Carleton, 5132 Jo-Don Dr. E. Lansing, MI., 48823

The zine is looking good and you've got a nice sense of how to manage an uncluttered and reasonable lay-out. I do rather like the idea of having a theme to each issue (besides the obvious one, of course), but that can get rather monotonous if one wasn't really hooked with one particular character or movie. Ahem. The art, as always, ranges from stunning to adequate.

I do disagree with you on the SW slide show. Craig Miller has a job to do and he does it very well. I thought the slide show was interesting and informative (you can't expect them to tell us everything, can you?) Maybe it helped some that the first time we saw the slide show, it was at SeaCon accompanied by actual minatures, a full size mock-up of a ship, costumes, etc., as well as a showing of SW and both TESB trailers. In any case, Lucas, etc. are to be commended for keeping the fans as informed as they are. How many other studios do you know of who do this. What about Paramount? Huh? ((Paramount gave a slide show at one of the bigger east coast cons that was as bad as the one Miller gave.))

As for fans investing a lot of emotion in Lucas characters -- you hit the nail right on the head. They are HIS (how do you emphasize two words in a row?) characters and he's entitled to do anything he wants with them. We, of course are entitled to do what we want with them, and never the twain shall meet. Ditto the Trek characters. Or with anything else.

Jacque Fasching, 6509 Middleham Pl., Austin, Texas, 78745

I'm amazed! And very much impressed with FACETS 2. I honestly believe that, one day, I will be holding within my paws the essence of this man called Harrison Ford!

The first issue was good but lacking, simply because of its introductory purpose and want ads for contributions for the next issue. FACETS 2 proves to be the culmination of those contributions and a pure joy to read -- especially Kelly Hill's "And Leave Your Friends And Go". Even in death 'his Maggie' shines through as a dominant character, shaping Halloran's attitudes and actions all the more through memories. I was also impressed with Beth Bowles' sentimental poem "Enough To Let You Go". The drawing adjacent is as equally remarkable.

My least favorites are "Visit to a Small Air Force", which I found weakly held together. True the basic concept is commendable but it appears to have lost a little in the translation. As Solo, HF is not supposed to know what's happening to him on the 'Hanover Street' set, yet he quips to Lesley, "I'll definately watch it this time." In acuality, Solo should have no idea whatsoever what he should watch out for! I perceive the whole vignette as an accidental misrepresentation of character.

Another of my least favorites is the poem "The First Psalm of David". I've read other of your works and I sincerely enjoy your style -- it's basically easy going and colloquial. Within this poem, however, you aim for the personal, heartfelt emotion known as love. When writing on or about personal feelings, many fail, to some degree, to attain a level of emotion and sensibility, all rolled into one. The Biblical allusion really grabbed me but I was lost in 'David's' beseeching "Touch me, Want me, Need me, Love me, and Love you." I felt he carried on a bit much but, considering his love for Maggie, who wouldn't carry on 'a bit much'? ((*Sigh*))

Loved the trivia quiz but, sad to say, I belong to the lowest of lows, the catagory known as 'How many times did you see Corvette Summer? That wouldn't be so bad excpet that I've never seen the movie Corvette Summer! But, thanks for allowing for the opportunity to prove that the answer to #12, Halloran's serial number is NOT 502-84-7326.

All in all, as far as I am concerned, you have a monumental hit on your hands! Because of any improvements and fuller-length stories, I am lead to believe that, with FACETS 3, in a very short time, I will have in my possession the essence of the characters known as Han Solo, Tommy Lillard, or David Halloran -- all 'facets' of this man known as Harrison Ford!

Beatrix Schmidt, Box 1076, Farmington, N.M., 87401

Thanks for FACETS 2. It brightened up a day that was dead enough to bury! Loved your art this ish, especially the front cover. The Marketplace is excellent, by the way. It's nice not to have to dig through mounds of advertizements and flyers to pick out the SW stuff. Your cartoon caption resulted in a doubletake and then I practically died laughing! Very, very nice, especially coming from Darth Vader.

Interesting review on "HS", wish I could get to see it! I've read the book but that doesn't quite do it. Clear, precise writing on the review. All in all an excellent ish.

Marsha Fraser, 6220 La Mirada #4, Hollywood, California, 90038

It's terrific that someone is zeroing in; I have gone through scores of zines looking for a few choice poems, stories, sketches, etc., and now somebody has come up with a catch-all zine to keep it in one place. Brava, Jane and Kelly!

Martynn's art work, as always, is great, especially the illo and the Han Haiku. I didn't know she wrote. I do think, though, that Susan Perry topped her FACETS #1 cover with pg. 39 of WARPED SPACE #41, the illo that accompanies Jane's "Spacer Man" Also in #1, Elyse's synopsis of "The Possessed" interested me in that it's been a couple of years since the movie's been rerun in the L.A. area and, though I have a script, it seems to differ in several places from the finished film. In #2, Jani Hicks' "Visit to a Small Air Force" was clever, Beth Bowles' "Enough to Let You Go", and Jane's "First Psalm of David" were good. Sorry, but Kelly's "And Leave Your Friends And Go" was too saccharine for my tastes. I think Susan Prather pegged some problems with "Hanover Street" as far as she went, however, I'd like to add to it. I used to review movies for the newspaper when I was in college and it's been a few years since I've had the opportunity. Here goes:

More than anything, "Hanover Street" reminded me of a Star Trek episode, "The Squire of Gothos". Remember how Trelane (William Campbell) transported Kirk and assorted crew into the elegant drawing room which was painstakingly and meticulously furnished down to a fire burning on the hearth? He had recreated his observations of Earth as seen through his telescope. Remember how our heroes discovered "What's Wrong With This Picture?" The fire gave off no heat. It was very beautiful, crackling merrily in the fireplace but it had no warmth because the squire had been looking at it from too great a distance to feel it himself.

I think that is the major flaw of 'HS'. Peter Hyams did a nice job with the 'buddy buddy' comraderie of Halloran and his crew and the action sequences with Halloran and Sellinger were handled well enough. But, like the fire in "Squire of Gothos", the love scenes, while lovely, simply generate no warmth or feeling. It's sex -- there's no true emotion there; you have two very physically attractive people making beautifully photographed sex, not making love. (C'mon, he doesn't even know her name!)

I even have a first draft of the 'HS' script, dated May '75, and except for moving Halloran's place of birth from NYC to Chicago to accomodate Ford's midwestern accent, most of the lines spoken in the film -- shot three years later -- are virtually unchanged from the first draft. And, kids, it reads like a first draft! I believe Hyams genuinely wanted to recreate the romance of the 40s movies like 'Casablanca' which still holds up. Perhaps Hyams was simply too far removed to fell the sentiment. I don't know if he is too young to remember the movies when they were new, or perhaps he's never been hopelessly in love himself. Maybe it embarassed him to write the gooey, romantic lines that were the meat of such films -- there wasn't any graphic sex to occupy screen time in the 40s, the lovers had to say it all in sentences, or with their eyes. Look, if you're gonna make a hearts and flowers movie, you gotta write hearts and flowers dialog!

As we all know, many a shaky screen play has been saved and reshaped in the hands of the director. If Hyams had allowed someone to pry his story loose from him, some life might have been breathed into those slick superficial love scenes.

Compared to that, the other annoyances, such as the principal, especially Down, looking incredbly 70s, while the background (like Cimino's girlfriend) looked authentic, are negligible. I disagree, though, with Prather's opinion that the shattering teapot was memorable. It was the hokiest, most gratuitous, scene in the film. I writhe everytime I think of the final line, "Think of me when you drink tea." Originally, the line was, "Remember, we have a street where we met. It's ours. It will always be there .... Nobody can take that away from us." That's much easier on the poor woman's psyche, I think. She can stroll down Hanover Street and remember fondly or avoid the block if the memory is too painful. But since she's British, Halloran has condemed poor Margaret to unending 'guilt in the afternoon' by associating an illicit affair with her teatime meal -- her smiling husband seated across the room. Imagine being haunted by the memory of an old lover everytime you sit down to breakfast!

I would be perfectly content to see Harrison continue to create interesting and varied characters like Kenny Boyd -- my favorite performance to date -- and Tommy Lillard, not to mention a certain smart-ass space jockey, while continuing with second or third billing. Please ladies, don't cast your stones yet! I would also like to see Ford try again at the romantic lead; I believe he can do it if given the proper script.

If you've noticed, though, the disadvantages of becoming a leading man is that many begin to play the same roles over and over (n.b. John Wayne John Barrymore, Paul Newman, Burt Reynolds -- the list is endless). I would hate to see it happen in this case. I wish Ford a long and distinguished career as an actor of characters (like Spencer Tracy or Henry Fonda, for example) rather than as a character actor, first billed or otherwise.

Michelle Malkin, 6649 Castor Ave., Philadelphia, PA., 19149

FACETS #1 was an experience. I can't really say that I enjoyed all the material in it, but then, I don't think that some of the poems were intended to be enjoyed. "Solo Song" is beautiful, though a bit grim for the man I remember from SW. I can't picture Han as being that grim. If he really was such a loner he wouldn't have the apparently close relationship he appears to have with Chewie. (After all, Chewbacca isn't just a walking rug, he's an intelligent being capable of forming friendships.) Also I couldn't imagine Han fighting for the Rebellion just for the hell of it, if he didn't really feel something for the people in it or even for the ideas behind it. Han is still young enough to have some leftover bits of idealism in him, if he ever did have such once upon a time. Still, the poem is lovely and very, very painful.

"Shadows" hurts even more. A friend of mine described Kenny Boyd as being a open wound. I agree. And, this poem points that out sadly and beautifully. The movie "Heroes" left me with the feeling that one day Kenny would either go into the woods and blow his brains out or go into town and shoot everything and everyone in sight.

By the way, on the lighter side, so you plan a "Frisco Kid" issue? ((no)) I've enjoyed HF's acting ever since SW, but now I have a thing for his chest too! A good actor who looks good. A combo that can't be beat!

LoCs will not be considered for publication unless clearly labled!

# FRISCO KID TRIVIA QUIZ

1. Where does the Chief Rabbi say San Francisco is?
2. What was Avram's class standing?
3. How many days sooner did Darryl Digges say the shortcut would get them to San Francisco?
4. How much money did the old Amish man hand Avram?
5. Where was the train that we first saw Tommy on heading?
6. What's Tommy doing when we first see him?
7. What was the saloon girl singing when Avram and Tommy rode into the snowy town?
8. What was the name of the saloon where Avram had the run-in with Jones and the Digges brothers?
9. What (according to the credits) is the real name of the sheriff that stopped Avram from dancing in the street?
10. Who owned/operated the bank that Tommy robbed?
11. How much per man was the posse promised?
12. After the split, how much did Tommy and Avram each get from the bank job?
13. How many indians came after Tommy and Avram?
14. How much money did Tommy get from Darryl Digges in the saloon?
15. How long had it been since Father Joseph last spoke?
16. What's different about Tommy's horse when they're going through the mountains?

1. By New York
2. 87th out of 88
3. 4
4. $10
5. Akron
6. Sleeping
7. "Beautiful Dreamer"
8. The Red Dog Saloon
9. Tommy Lillard
10. J.J. Jenson
11. $11
12. $320
13. 7
14. $82
15. 45 years
16. It's a different horse -- look at the blaze.

SoloSPECIAL
VADER'S
HEAT + SERVE
FROZEN CORELLIAN

# The Frisco Kid

a review by

## SHERRY MAGEE

THE FRISCO KID is a film of contrasts: New World and Old, Innocence and Knowledge, Orthodox Judaism and the Godless Frontier, Rabbi and Bank Robber. The style is light comedy and the result is an enjoyable if uneven film.

Gene Wilder plays Avram Belinski, the Frisco Kid, who has been sent to San Francisco from Poland on his first assignment as a rabbi. Believing that San Francisco is next door to New York, he arrives in Philadelphia in 1850 carrying a cultcase and his beloved Torah. There he discovers that the California Gold Rush has caused his ship to depart early for the west coast. Undaunted, armed only with his determination, Avram sets out to cross three thousand miles of wilderness.

Immediately, both his naivete and his religion land him in trouble. He is beaten, robbed and abandoned by three cut-throats who prey on innocents. Befriended by the Amish who give him money for the train to Akron, Avram is forced to leave the train in the middle of nowhere because the sun is setting on Friday and Orthodox Jews cannot ride on the Sabbath. He continues the journey on horseback only to have his food stolen by raccoons. Lost and starving, he seems doomed until he is found by Tommy Lillard (Harrison Ford), a bank and train robber. A frontier 'odd couple' is born, and the rest of the film is the story of their growing friendship sorely tried by differences in life style.

Tommy swears, steals and is, by his own admission, a whoremonger. The rabbi is strictly Orthodox, refusing to ride on Saturday even when pursued by a posse. He is as stubborn as any army mule. Yet the two are drawn to each other. Both are lonely, both outcasts -- one by profession, the other by religion, foreign accent and peculiar dress. When Avram tells Tommy that he is his best and only friend, the scene is warm and touching. Tommy returns the gift when the rabbi suffers a crisis of faith. In my favorite scene in the film, the outlaw bullies Avram into accepting himself while pelting him with brussel sprouts and buttered rolls.

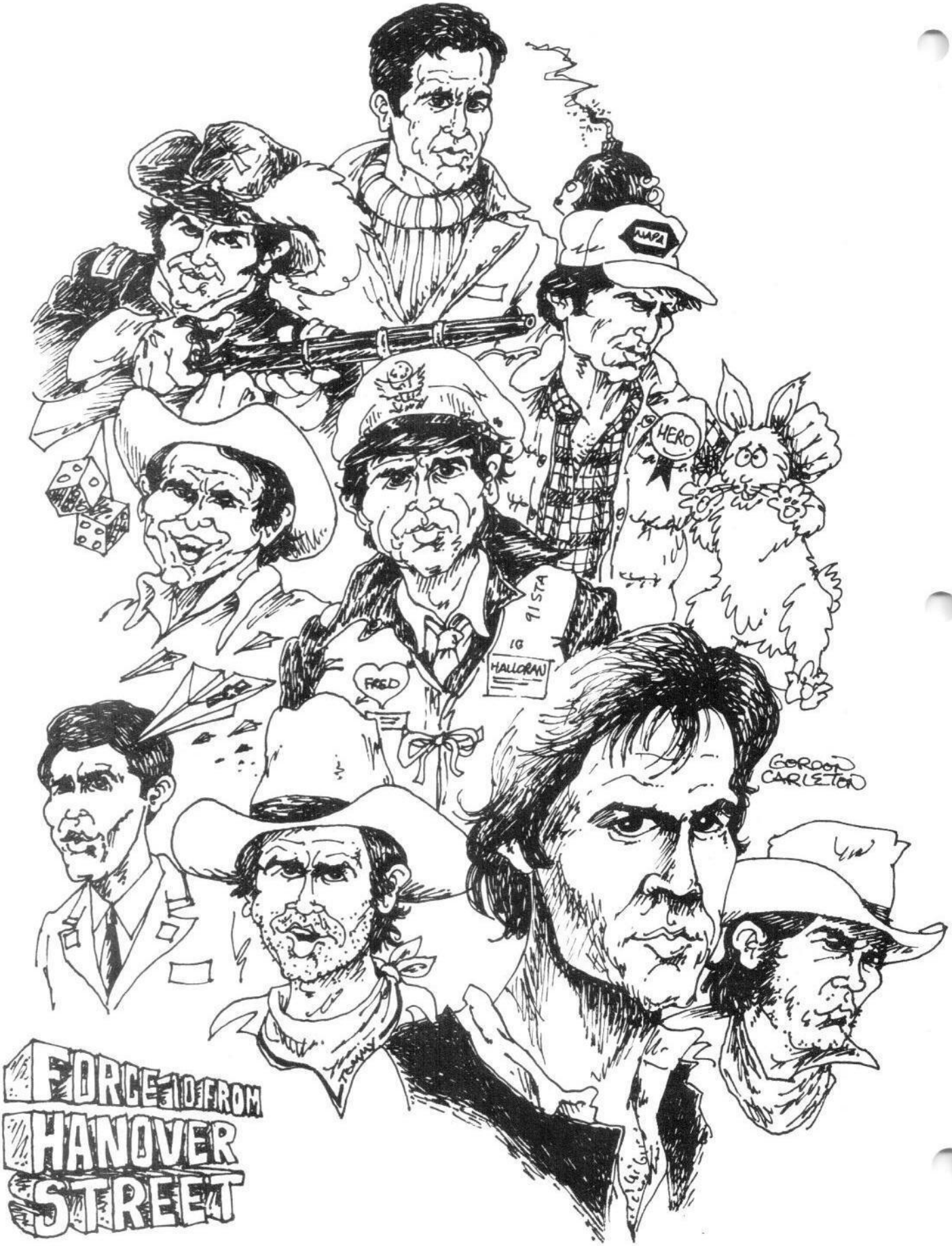
It's a shame that the story was given such poor handling. Either director Robert Aldrich or Warner Brothers Studio decided to cut the sprawling format of the movie to two hours. The editor seems to have used an axe. Several scenes were chopped off in mid-dialog while unnecessary sequences remain. The result is poor pacing and an uneven flow to the story. The special effects portions are clumsy. This treatment seems doubly unfortunate because there are some fine, funny sequences, such as the Indian camp, that suffer as a result.

Gene Wilder is delightful as the Jewish Candide. He plays the part with more restraint than he often shows and is funny, dignified and admirable.

But for Harrison Ford this film is a must-see. It is his best work to date. As a cowboy he is marvelous, sitting his horse in a relaxed and confident manner and affecting a broad drawl that is perfect for the character. He displays a fine sense of comic timing that contrasts perfectly with Wilder's style.

Yet Tommy is more than a comic cowboy. Harrison Ford is adept at revealing the warmth and gentleness beneath the dirty, ignorant, profane exterior. By the film's end Tommy hadn't reformed (thank the Maker!) but while rabbi has lost some of his innocence, the bank robber has rediscovered his own. This is revealed in a scene when, wounded and more than a little drunk, Tommy asks Avram if he thinks God could have sent him to act as the rabbi's guide. The scene is difficult and could easily slip into silliness or pathos, but Harrison Ford treads the line with assurance. The result is one of many fine moments. Like his role in HEROES, this part shows the actor's developement and the potential for better things to come.

When you see THE FRISCO KID stay all the way through the screen credits. If you read the names of the actors and characters carefully you'll catch a nice joke in the casting. You'll also enjoy the wedding scenes, especially those of Avram and Tommy dancing, and the final shot where they lift thier glasses and toast each other. In spite of its flaws, this is a nice film.


HERO
91 STA
IG
HALLORAN
FRED
GORDON CARLETON
FORCE 10 FROM HANOVER STREET

# FORCE TEN FROM

# HANOVER STREET

FORCE 10 from HANOVER STREET, that's what these men are;
They're HEROES, the STARs of their WARS;
With NO KNIFE between them to hack-up, they fought,
This TIME FOR KILLING, their cause!
'Twas a long, LONG RIDE HOME, but they lasted it out,
This JOURNEY TO SHILOH, so grim.
They were men, one and all, and they fought a DEAD HEAT,
And for Uncle Sam risked life and limb!

They've dropped bombs and beem bombed and blown their fair share
Of Death Stars and Heinkles and dams;
They've fought Nazis proper (came seldom a cropper)
They've traveled in trucks, cars and (trams? He-he. Forgive?)
They beat the Gestapo and licked the SS,
(Though one circle track proved too much)
And each movie they make makes Reichmarshal ache --
He'd trade his left leg for this clutch!
Now, what new adventure awaits these brave souls?
What film the grim critics will beat?
Surrender? They'll die first! Let critics do their worst!
'Cause .... they're FORCE 10 from HANOVER STREET!

J.J. Adamson

©J.J. Adamson 1979

# DYNASTY

a synopsis

BETTY MONFETTE

Harrison Ford.....Mark Blackwood
Sarah Miles.....Jennifer Blackwood
Stacy Keach.....Matthew Blackwood
Harris Yulin.....John Blackwood
Granville Van Dusen.....Cree Vauclose
Charles Weldon.....Sam Adams
Amy Irving.....Amanda Blackwood-Vauclose

TV movie adapted from a Michener story, tells of Ohio dirt farmers who founded a powerful family business in the mid 19th century (1976)

Frontier Ohio, 1820 -- John and Jennifer Blackwood arrive with their firstborn son Mark, only 6 months old, and with John's brother Matt. Neither of them are really farmers by choice, so John uses $200 of his inheritance to buy a wagon-making factory. He'll own it and Matt will run it for him.
Matt already has eyes for Jennifer, but hasn't yet made anyone else aware of the fact.
The city they have settled in is Westmore.
The Blackwood Arrow, made by the Blackwood Brothers, is a three-seat wagon Matt designed for the entire family (himself, John, Jennifer, Mark, the second child Harry, and the as yet unborn third child of John and Jennifer).
Matt has abstained from marrying because he wants no one but Jennifer.

Westmore, 1829 -- Mark is now 9½, Harry is 7, and Amanda is 4.
A young black man named Sam is acquired from Cree Vauclose, a visiting trader, who gave the young man the last name of Adams.
Jennifer has finally succumbed to Matt's pressures and now carries his child.
Matt tells John that he is in love with Jennifer then, having hopefully stirred up trouble in his brother's family, he disappears.
John knows Matt and Jennifer have been sleeping together but he denies it and disbelieves it for the sake of the children. However, Jennifer runs off to be with Matt before the baby, Carver, is born.

Westmore, 1832 -- With the family now womanless, Sam has taken it upon himself to take care of the children and John, even going so far as to bring John his lunhh every day at the factory so production will not fall off.
Mark, now 12½, gets beaten up in a fight with the preacher's son, who calls Mark's mother a whore. Later, John beats up the preacher when he reinforces his son's remarks.
John takes Mark aside and explains that his mother ran off three years before to be with his Uncle Matt.
Later, John receives a telegram and after reading it, he announces to the children that Jennifer will be home soon He elects not to try and stop her because she is, after all, the mother of his children.
Almost from the moment of her arrival, Jennifer starts to take things over again. She says that Sam needs a wife, so she goes to Cree, who eventually manages to remember her. He returns a few weeks later with Lucinda.
John and Jennifer, after putting it off so long, finally become man and wife in bed that night.
Young Carver arrives at the house, after staying with some friends of Jennifer's until she was sure of her position with John. Now she tries to get John to accept the boy, but John says Carver is Matt's child and doesn't want anything to do with him. He doesn't even want Carver in the house. However, Jennifer's power of persuasion comes through and Carver is present when the family portrait is painted.

Westmore, 1849 -- Amanda is preparing for her marriage to a young man named Alfred. Alvera and Lucinda are making her dress. In the course of her conversation with the two black girls we find that Amanda hates her brothers Mark and Harry for reasons unknown.
Sam Adams' son Young Sam works for Mark and Harry in the Blackwood Manufacturing Offices. Mark likes Young Sam a lot, but Harry hates him and is secretly supporting and promoting slavery.
Mark criticizes Harry for neglecting to write down some estimates on some plans, and Harry, who has no head for business doesn't like that very much.
Later, John gets on Harry's back too, because Harry can't seem to do anything. Mark loves his brother, however, and begs their father to give Harry one more chance.

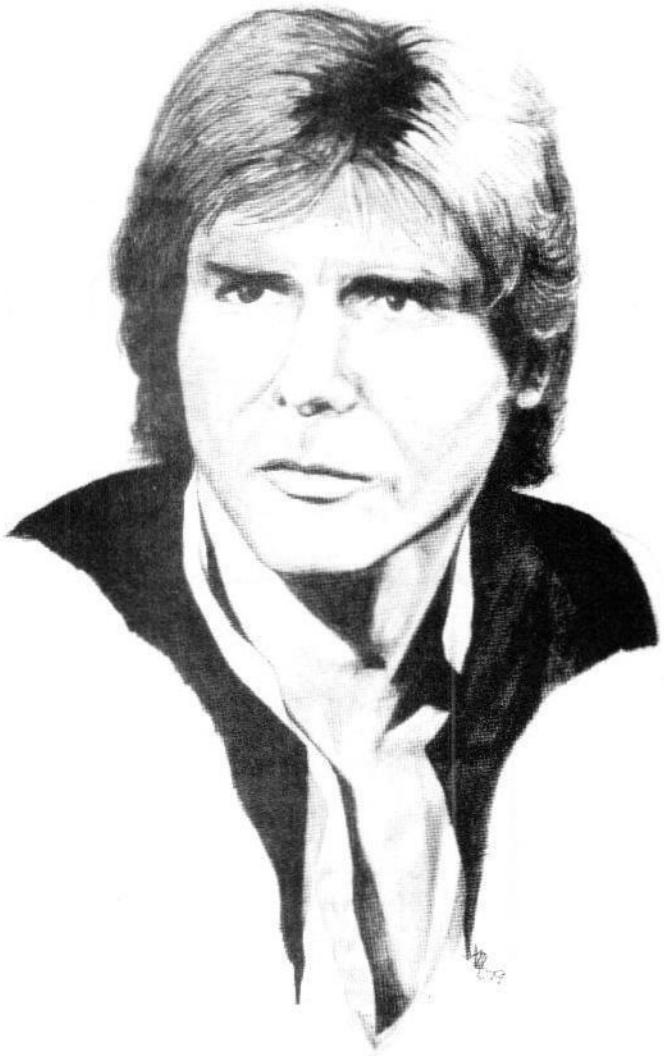
Young Sam is itching to go south to find a wife, as there are very few black women around Westmore. Cree Vauclose comes for Amanda's wedding, bringing with him an old black man, Pele. From Pele Young Sam learns about an eligible young woman, Daughter Slate, Pele's daughter.
Amanda forgets all about Alfred when she meets Cree, and goes after him.
Over the dinner table that night, Mark and Cree argue about slavery, with Mark taking the negative side. Harry sides with Cree, and so drives Mark from the table and the house. Carver didn't help the mood of the family any by showing up at the table late.
Amanda continues to hang all over Cree through the rest of the evening, and later that night Jennifer reads her the riot act. A few days later Amanda and Cree run off together, leaving Alfred and his family waiting at the church for a bride that never shows up.

Westmore, 1855 -- Young Sam buys Daughter Slate, has her brought north, and marries her.
Amanda and Cree have a daughter and they name her Joanna, for her father John.
Mark tells his father there will be a civil war between the North and South over the issue of slavery. John, who once again believes only what he wants to, says there won't be any war.
Matt returns, filled to the brim with wild schemes and plans for John's money, and no remorse whatever for what he did to John and Jennifer and their marriage. He has a plan to sell part of the Blackwood property along the river to a railroad man named James Elroy. John and Matt start up old arguments again over the operation of the factory, and over Jennifer, and she refuses to side with Matt this time.
Carver plots with Matt to 'help' John die, so Matt can get the land and have the power to sell what he wants. A few days before, John had had a sort of stroke, and now was required to take several pills every day. So Matt simply took John's medication and buried it out behind the barn, then he goes back inside and provokes John into an argument with him. This brings on another attack he can do nothing for, and he dies.
However, Jennifer knows that John's death is Matt's fault in more ways than one, and she holds it over his head. She informs Matt that he can run the factory and handle most of the business deals, but she will be the real head, with Mark's help. Matt is forced to agree, or she will inform the law that John's death should be looked into.
Jennifer tells Mark that Uncle Matt is to run the factory, because he is ruthless and strong and Mark is not. He can't fire bad workers, or discipline the ones who needed it. This upsets Mark a great deal and he argues with his mother late at night. He insists he could be ruthless, and she tells him he never could be, nor has he ever been. He loves his mother and inside knows what she says is true, so he accepts her decision with no more complaints.

Fade out on Jennifer, now looking her age, after Mark leaves the room, rocking quietly in her rocking chair.

# WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO ME?

Christine Jeffords



Kid --
what are you doin' to me?
It's just been me
all these years -- more than I
sometimes like to remember --
well, and Chewie --
and now you've come along ...
talkin' Force and freedome one minute,
green as Greedo's hide the next --
I don't know what to make of you.
It's like you need my teaching
and yet you've got things you mean
for me to learn as well.
I never had a brother,
least of all one that made me feel
like a heel when I did what came naturally --
Kid, what are you doin' to me?

Princess --
what are you doin' to me?
Ladies were always people
to meet, to have fun with,
a night, a week maybe, and then
to leave, both of us happier for it,
but no regrettin', no ties on either side.
It's a sure bet none of 'em
were Senators, and spies, and royalty,
and people who'd stand up to Vader --
OK, a lot of 'em
could give the guy a good blistering
with their tongues, but you expected that
of them -- not of you, not of your kind.
There ain't even the knowin'
that it might be you and me some time --
you ain't for me, you belong to the kid.
I know that, if he don't, or you either.
You blast me when I want my pay
and then you turn around and tell the kid
that 'I gotta follow my own path,
nobody can choose it for me'.
I can't understand you.
Only, I got this funny feelin'
you've got my number.
Princess, what are you doin' to me?

Old man -- Kenobi --
what are you doin' to me?
(Hell, I know you're dead --
feel like a superstitious idiot,
talkin' to a dead man, but the kid
swears you talk to him still.)
Dammit, this is all your fault!
Sweet-talkin' me into flyin' you to Alderaan --
givin' me that arch little 'you-don't-mean-to-say-it' look
when I told you plain as paint
how fast the Falcon was -- makin' me feel like
I hadda prove it to you.
Gettin' me pulled in
by that Death Star -- shovin' me into
my own smugglin' compartments, and then
into a Stormtrooper's uniform, of all things --
and what was worst,
leavin' me in the gantry with that kid,
so's he could talk me into rescuin' his Princess ...
old man, if you knew half the things
I went through -- and don't tell me you do! --
and after all that
to get your fool self killed
and leave me to nursemaid the kid to Yavin
and haul his chestnuts outa the fire --
Old man, what are you doin' to me?

Chewie --
what are they doin' to us?
Life was real simple before they came along.
Get in, sell a cargo,
pick up another, get out --
all right, there was trouble sometimes --
pirates, Imperials, people like Jabba --
but, hell, we always handled 'em.
No big ship
could match the Falcon
without breakin' in two, and the Imps
weren't gonna bust their butts
just goin' after a coupla smugglers
that weren't wanted on any more
than minor gigs. And as for Jabba,
we'd have found a way to pay him back,
somehow --
well, we've paid him, all right,
but now we're neck-deep in this Rebellion,
and accordin' to the gossip I'm hearin',
Darth Vader'd sure like to get his hands on me.
They say
that Boba Fett himself,
the best bounty hunter in the galaxy,
is on our case --
Chewie, what are they doin' to us?

Sharl and Dallin, gods Corellians swear by,
do you hear me? If ever
one of your people ever needed help,
it's now --
What am I gonna do now?
What are they doin' to me?

# *Tomorrow*

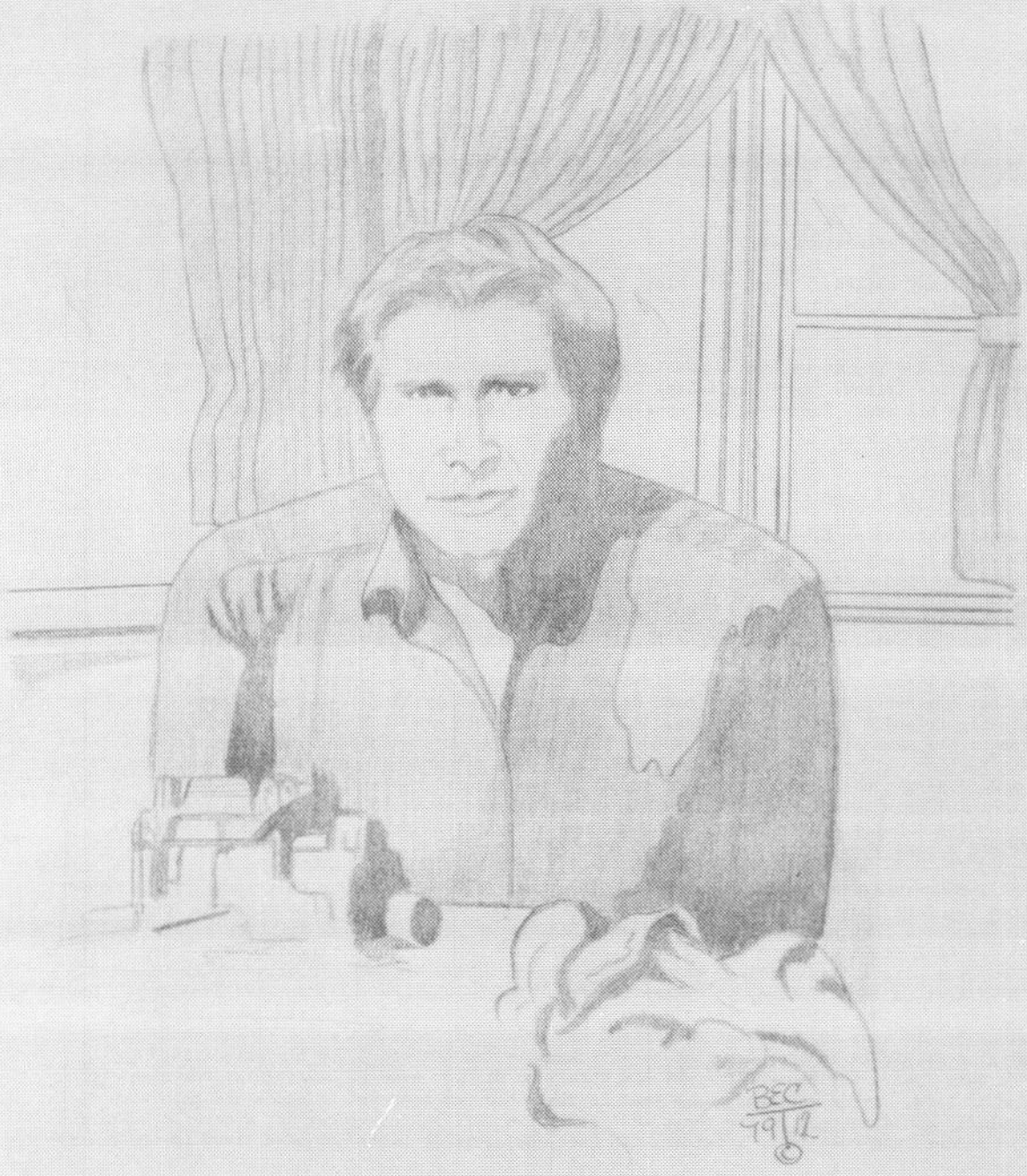
I just didn't have the time --
After fixing the block and the rings and the timing
the car never has worked right;
but one of these days I'll take that checkered flag.
I'll get her a new carburetor
Tomorrow

I just didn't have the time --
I know the rabbits get out, but I can't help that;
the wood is rotting and the chicken wire's shot,
the trailer needs cleaning up,
Pappy's forever after me to fix the place up.
I'll put up the screens
Tomorrow

Jack, don't go yet -- we don't have enough time!
It's been too long since we seen each other:
the day before never.
That's OK.
Take the keys, here.
I'll see you in Eureka
Tomorrow

BY

**JANI HICKS**



# What Man Has No Knife?

## LISA ADOLF

"Hey, cuz, if it'd be all right I'd like to get some sleep, I'm really beat." Tommy Lillard leaned forward in his chair and passed a hand before his eyes tiredly.

"Oh, Tommy, of course! Would you like a bath first? There's nothing more relaxing than a nice hot bath!" Rabbi Avram Belinsky suggested affectionately.

"Not this time, Avram," Tommy smiled, "I haven't slept for two days, leastways not to speak of. I'd probably fall asleep and drown m'self. Maybe in a coupla hours. Thanks though. Ya sure I'm not imposing if I bunk here?"

"Imposing? You, imposing? And why do we have a guest room if not for guests? Go now, rest!" Avram chastized. He stood and went over to his friend, playfully taking Tommy's arm and pulling him to his feet. Tommy winced violently at the strain on his arm. Surprised and concerned, Avram looked at his friend closely.

"I hurt you! Have you been injured?"

"No, no, cuz! I'm just stiff. I been ridin' for a long time. I'll be fine after I've slept."

Avram nodded and silently watched as his friend ambled toward the back of the house and the guest room. One does not react so strongly to muscle fatigue, he caught himself thinking, and he shook his head. Tommy worried him deeply. His friend had been a frequent guest in Avram's home since they both had arrived in San Francisco after their adverturous journey and Avram's subsequent marriage. For the most part, Tommy seemed to choose to live in San Francisco and in proximity to Avram. But there were occasions when Tommy left the vicinity for weeks on end. Often, when he returned, he looked as he did now -- exhausted, bedraggled, and trail sore. Tommy's explaination for his absences was simple and terse -- he went "hunting" -- but Avram somehow could not accept that explaination. Always Tommy returned home bone tired and with nothing to show for his efforts. Avram could have believed that any other man would come home so consistently empty handed, but not Tommy. Avram was all too familiar with his friend's prowness with weapons. No, Tommy returned with nothing, except sufficient cash for the duration of his next stay in San Francisco. When Avram questioned his friend about his activities -- the success of his hunting -- Tommy became evasive. If Tommy were returning to his previous vocation of being a trapper -- a declining profession in terms of supply of the natural resources -- Avram did not see why Tommy could not be truthful when questioned. Finally, Avram had learned to avoid the topic, at least he had learned to avoid discussing the topic with Tommy. He could not stop himself from wondering precisely what occupied his best friend's time when he was out of town.

Avram understood that Tommy was a bank robber amongst endeavors that Tommy himself was only too happy to enumerate. Avram understood the fact, but he could never approve of it. He had hoped, when he saw that Tommy was in no rush to leave San Francisco that perhaps their friendship had wrought enough change in Tommy's life that he would no longer consider bank robbing and card playing to be his only avenues of earning income. True, while in San Francisco, Tommy was utterly law abiding, but he also made no effort to settle down. Avram did not want to dictate to his first and best friend, to change him from what he was, but, because he loved Tommy, he did not want to always live in the fear that his friend's life was in constant danger from bank presidents, sheriffs and marshals. He did want to know that his friend was relatively safe and well. Avram would have preferred that Tommy give up his larcenous ways, but he also knew better than to force his friend into any course of action. He owed Tommy, the man who brought him safely to his new home in California, the right to follow his own course in life. Avram was well aware that if Tommy had not happened to cross his path when he had, that he most probably could not now be the respected rabbi of a thriving congregation, a devoted husband to the former Rosalie Bender, and soon to be a father. In fact, he would probably not have lived to see California at all.

Avram was interrupted in his thoughts by a gentle touch on his arm. Brought back to full attention, he smiled tenderly at Rosalie and took her hands in his own.

Where is Tommy? I thought I heard you still talking. I have fixed him a little something to eat," Avram's wife said softly.

"He was tired, he has gone to rest." Avram said, stroking her hand absently. Rosalie noted the look of concern and worry evident on her husband's face and seated herself next to him.

"Something's worrying you, Avram. What is it? Is it Tommy?" Rosalie asked, touching Avram's brow as though to smooth away lines of worry. Avram looked at her -- into eyes too soft and brown to be believed and he sighed.

"I can hide nothing from you, can I? Yes, I am worried about Tommy."

"Would you like to talk about it, Avram?"

"Yes, I would. But not now. I've much thinking to do first."

**********

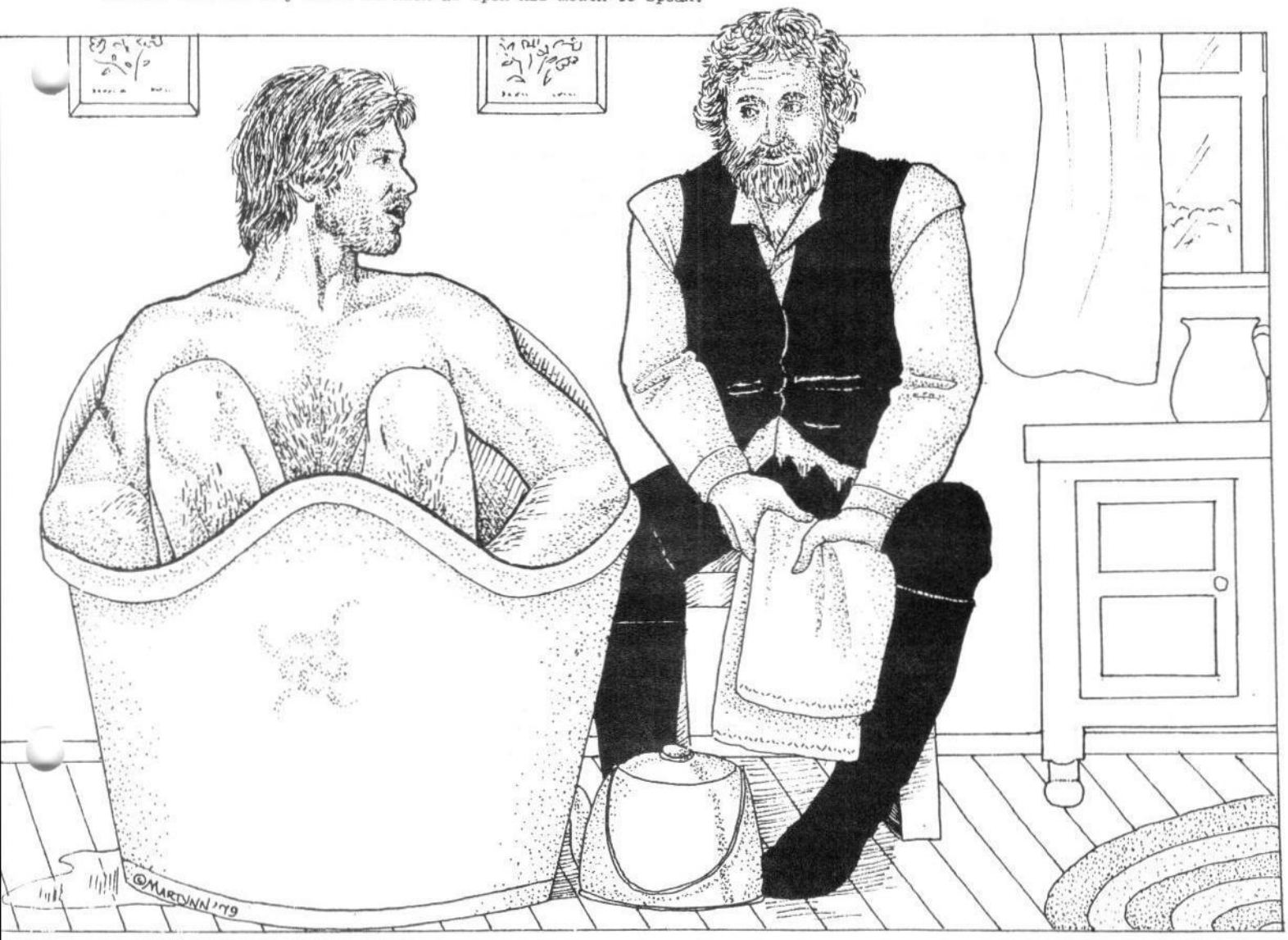
Tommy settled back, luxuriating in the muscle soothing warmth of the steaming hot bath. He'd slept longer than he had originally intended to, and hadn't awakened until the morning after his arrival. He had rolled out of bed to find he was unbelievably sore and stiff. Rosalie had knocked on his door and had announced through the closed door that a bath had already been drawn for him and that the clothes he had worn the previous evening were already washed and pressed. For a couple of moments after that, he had seriously envied Avram his wife. Then he had shaken the thought from his head with the rest of the cobwebs and had availed himself of the first opportunity for a hot bath that he had had in over two weeks.

A sudden burning pain lanced through his left arm and he sat up immeadiately. It was then he realized that he had dozed off in the relaxing heat of the bath, and that his arm had slipped into the water. When the hot water made contact with the wound on his upper arm it had startled him into instant wakefulness.

"Shee-it!" Tommy murmured, looking at the long and narrow wound on his arm with a practiced eye. The bullet crease was healing nicely and would no longer trouble him in a day or two. It did not hurt now, except when touched by hot water or solicitous friends. Yup, he'd been lucky, the bullet could have just as easily broken his arm had it been angled differently. Tommy positioned his arm clear of the water and settled back once again to soak.

There was a quick knock at the door to the washroom, followed by the hurried opening of the door and a voice,

"Tommy, it's Avram, I have brought more hot water and towels." Avram was in the room and approaching with his burdens before Tommy could so much as open his mouth to speak.



"You look rested, Tommy." Do you feel better?" Avram did not pause to give Tommy the opportunity to answer. "It's a beautiful day. My goodness, you've dropped the soap, here, let me get it for you..." Avram put down the water and towels and stooped to pick up a square of soap that had fallen to the floor when Tommy had dozed off. Straightening, Avram called out,

"Here!" and tossed the soap to Tommy, who caught it neatly in both hands, winching at the pulling of the wound in his arm. The wound was suddenly visible to Avram and the young rabbi looked at it for several moments. Tommy lowered his arms, endeavoring to hide his left arm from further examination by his friend.

"Thanks, Avram." Tommy smiled disarmingly, his hazel eyes dancing. "Betcha Rosalie makes that soap herself, don't she? How is Rosalie doin'? By the way, that baby'll be comin' pretty soon, won't it?" It was Tommy's turn to make conversation. Avram sat down, taking the towels he'd carried into the room back into his arms. Tommy didn't see the look of resignation in his friend's face, so intent was he on averting the topic he felt was at hand.

Insead, Avram spoke quietly, "Yes, soon. In about six more weeks, God willing."

"I'm lookin' forward to that. Not as much as you, I reckon though. Thought about any names?"

"We've discussed several, no decision yet " Avram replied.

"Best to save that till after the kid is born. Me, I almost got called 'Leslie'. My ma figgered it'd do for either a boy or girl. She changed her mind though -- always said I didn't look like a 'Leslie' after she saw me. Sure didn't holler like no 'Leslie' either!"

Avram smiled.

"I'll leave you to your bath, Tommy. Rosalie has a meal prepared for you. You slept through breakfast, you know."

"Don't let her go to no special trouble, cuz, I can go get a bite at the El Dorado..."

"Nonsense. What kind of host would I be if I let my best friend eat his meals at a casino? No, Rosalie insists and I have learned not to argue with Rosalie, believe me!" Avram put a towel within Tommy's reach and situated the water near the tub on the right side, opposite Tommy's wounded arm. "Take your time, my friend and enjoy your bath." Then he was gone, closing the door softly behind him.

Tommy stared at the closed door for several minutes, knowing full well that Avram had seen his wound, and also knowing the conclusions the rabbi had undoubtably drawn from the evidence.

Damn, Tommy thought, I don't know how much longer I can live this God damned double life!

**********

They were the perfect host and houseguest for the next few days. Avram didn't question Tommy about the bullet crease, or how he had come by it, and Tommy didn't offer any explainations. Both men acted as though there were nothing wrong between them and, indeed, in once sense, nothing was. But, in another sense, something was very wrong between them. The two men whose friendship had been forged through shared hardship, adventure and bed-rolls, were no longer sharing communication. An invisible barrier seemed to have grown between then.

All this Rosalie Belinski realized as she stood in their sunlit kitchen, looking out the window at the street bordering their house. She stood, hand on her swollen belly, feeling the child within her stir. She understood her husband's worry now. They'd spent several hours in discussion the previous evening. During their talk Avram had finally voiced his fears for Tommy and his belief that his friend was still robbing banks in order to make a living. Tommy, Avram knew, did not rob banks and trains out of financial need. Indeed, that was probably a secondary consideration with Tommy. He was very good at it and he enjoyed it. The gambler in Tommy liked the risk, the excitement to be found in danger. Thus Avram was on the horns of a dilemma. He could be law abiding and righteous and see Tommy locked away -- at the very least -- for his crimes. Or he could be Tommy's friend -- providing him with a place to stay, food to eat and his freedom -- and forever take the risk of losing his best friend. Rosalie knew how deeply Avram felt for Tommy and she realized that both alternatives were potentially extremely painful.

Rosalie found her eyes were following a well dressed man as he made his way down the street. She was about to return to the task she had been pursuing before her attention had wandered, when she noticed the same man had turned in at the gate to her house and was coming up the walk. His was not a face she recognized, he was certainly not a member of her husband's congregation, that much she knew. He also did not appear to be anyone who would have business with Tommy. Curious, she threw a shawl about her shoulders and moved to the door.

The man doffed his hat pleasantly as she opened the front door.

"Ma'am, Myles Lewis is my name. I am with the Wells Fargo office here in town. I've come to talk with Tommy Lillard. He is staying here, is he not?"

Rosalie was taken aback, Wells Fargo! Avram had said that aside from trains and banks, Tommy had also been known to "knock over" express offices such as Wells Fargo.

"I..ah..." Rosalie began. There was little point in denying it -- Tommy was well known amoung their neighbors -- who were for the most part members of the Jewish community. "Yes, he is my husband's friend, and our houseguest."

"May I see him please? He is here now?" Myles Lewis asked in his pleasant, yet authoritative voice.

"Yes, he is in the back yard ... let me get him for you ..."

"Oh, ma'am," the Wells Fargo agent said, appraising Rosalie's obvious condition as he spoke. "why don't you just point me in the right direction and I'll find him myself."

Rosalie was too surprised and somewhat flustered to do anything other than what she was bidden to do. Pointing out a narrow pathway to the backyard, she instructed Myles Lewis to follow it. Affably, he did so and she followed him with her eyes until he rounded the corner of the house. Quickly, she ran as fast as she dared into one of the back rooms of the house. Once there, she moved to a window and looked out in time to see Lewis approach Tommy -- who had been relaxing on a hammock in the sunlight. After a moment, Tommy stood, talked with the agent, then together they began walking toward the path at the side of the house. The window was partially open and Rosalie realized that if she strained, she could hear what was being said between the two men.

"... we'll just go to the marshal's office and ..."

Rosalie heard all she needed to. She could not believe how calmly Tommy appeared to be acting. His handsome face was totally relaxed, he was even smiling somewhat slyly. Rosalie's heart was in her throat.

**********

Avram was just closing the entrance to the synagogue, newly constructed for his arrival in San Francisco, when he heard his name being called. He turned to see Rosalie hurrying toward him as fast as her advanced condition would allow. She seemed upset -- he could tell that from a distance. Concerned, he hurried forth to meet her.

"Avram!" Rosalie was breathless. Avram bade her catch her breath and relax before attempting to go on. After a moment, she was able to speak again. "It's Tommy ... a Wells Fargo agent ... came to the house. He has taken Tommy to the marshal ... Avram ... you don't think ...?"

"Oy ... Wells Fargo ... oh no!" Avram cried, "The marshal!" That could only mean ... "Rosalie, are you all right? Can you return to our home now?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Just a bit out of breath."

"I'll walk you to the gate, then I must go and you must rest." Avram replied softly. Despite his worry and sense of urgency, he forced himself to walk calmly at his wife's side and not to hurry her back to the house. At the gate Avram paused and watched her enter the house. Once she disappeared inside, Avram hurried off in the direction of the federal marshal's office.

It took him longer than he expected to arrive at the office. In addition to being impeded by an inordinate amount of traffic on the major throughfare, Meyer Feldsuh and his wife just happened to be passing along the same street and they had detained him further. By the time he actually reached the office he had managed to work himself into an incredible state nerves. What could he do if Tommy <u>had</u> been arrested?

He took a moment to catch his breath outside the door, then sidled in. Carefully he glanced about, hoping somehow to see Tommy out in plain sight. When he did not, he cast his eyes about nervously, finally settling them on a big boned, pleasant featured man who wore a large badge.

"Marshal?" Avram walked over to where the man sat at a desk that somehow was too small for him.

"Yes sir, what can I do for you?"

"My name is Belinsky, I'm the rabbi of the Jewish community."

"Ah, yes, I remember you. How can I help you, Rabbi? There has been no trouble for you or your poeple, has there?"

"Trouble? No, no more than usual. I'm here looking for someone -- Tommy Lillard."

"Lillard? Is he supposed to be here? A prisoner?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out, Marshal ... "

The large man opened a ledger that sat to one side of his desk and looked over several pages carefully before he spoke. "Sorry, we don't have a Tommy Lillard on the roster. Are you sure he's supposed to be here?"

"No, I'm not. Perhaps it was a mistake. Thank you for your trouble," Avram said, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Sorry I couldn't help you, Rabbi Belinsky," the Marshal replied pleasantly.

"Oh, I'm not! Thank you."

Avram turned and left the building, one part of his worry relieved. Perhaps Tommy had talked his way out of being thrown in jail. Tommy was gifted with a sort of innocent charm that had gotten him out of tight spots in the past. As Avram neared the front steps of his home he found himself praying that such was the case.

Rosalie was waiting for him as he entered the door.

"What did you do, Avram?" she asked in a loud whisper. "Tommy came back a few minutes ago. What happened?"

"I wish I knew. He wasn't arrested and he was gone by the time I got there. Thank God he's back now."

A look came over Rosalie's face, a mixture Avram had never seen before. "Is something wrong, Rosalie?" he asked concernedly. "It's not the baby, is it?"

"No, I know you told me to rest, Avram, but I was too nervous, so I folded clothes instead. There were some things of Tommy's in the laundry and I took them into his room. Avram, I didn't mean to pry, but I opened one of the drawers in the bureau. I found money -- not just a little, over eight hundred dollars!"

Husband and wife looked into each other's eyes. There were ways to explain how Tommy might have legally amassed such an amount of cash. But somehow only one method, and not a legal one, stuck in their minds.

"I should give him the benefit of the doubt, Rosalie, I owe him that .... "

"I know, Avram, but eight hundred dollars! As much as we both love him .... "

"I'll give him until tomorrow to explain what happened today. If he says nothing, I will talk to him in the morning," Avram vowed. Putting an arm around his wife, they moved together into the kitchen, hoping against hope that Tommy would take the first step.

But the night passed with Tommy mentioning a word about the day's events. By the time Avram rose the next morning, Tommy was already packed and gone.

******

It had been nearly three months since he'd travelled this road, since he had last turned his horse toward San Francisco. Somehow, it seemed more like years. This last job had been a rough one, worse than any of the others. There had been times when Tommy had wondered if he'd ever see San Francisco and his friends again. But in the end he had beaten the odds and cleared enough profit that this kind of life would no longer be necessary. For that, Tommy was glad, for he had long since tired of the deception. Now he could go back to San Francisco and give Avram something he owed him -- the truth.

Avram entered the house tiredly. His visits to the marshal's and sheriff's offices had proved fruitless. Tommy had been away longer this time than he'd ever stayed away before. Perhaps, the rabbi found himself thinking, it was for good this time. That thought brought a deep stabbing pain, but there was a thought that hurt even more, and it was the reason for his recurring visits to the local peace officers. There was always the possibility that Tommy was ... dead.

Avram had visited the offices at least once a week, checking through the wanted posters and making discreet inquiries into accounts of bank and train robberies. So far, no outlaws answering Tommy's description were wanted within the territory. To the best of Avram's knowledge none had been lynched or otherwise killed either. But then, Tommy had led something of a charmed life as far as the law was concerned. There were other dangers out there as well, as Avram well knew. Tommy was very capable of taking care of himself, it was true, but the not knowing whether his friend would return or not, whether he was alive or dead, was having its effect on Avram. He wasn't sure how much longer he could stand the suspence.

By rights, Avram Belinsky, rabbi of a large congregation in such a thriving city, should have been a very happy man. Aside from the joys of his work, he was ecstatically married and the proud father of a healthy baby boy. His fortunes had come far since he's first arrived in America. But he could not be happy, not without knowing that the being most responsible for Avram's being here, alive and well, aside from God Himself, was alive and well too.

Avram was too lost in thought to hear the knock on the door at first, so Rosalie answered it.

Framed in the doorway, and smiling broadly, was Tommy, his clothes dusty from the trail and lines of weariness etched into his otherwise boyish face. Rosalie couldn't stifle her cry of joy and relief.

"Tommy!" She threw herself into his arms and was rewarded with a warm hug. "Oh, Tommy, Avram will be so happy! You were gone so long, he's been so worried about you .... "

"Well, that's all over now. And look at you! I <u>have</u> been gone longer'n I figgured to be! How are you and the baby?"

"I'm fine and we have a beautiful boy and -- well, I'll let Avram tell you the rest. Oh, come, Tommy -- he's been so worried!"

Tommy smilingly allowed himself to be led into the parlor. Avram was sitting dejectedly with his back to Tommy. Before Rosalie could move to catch her husband's attention Tommy motioned her to silence. A merry gleam in his eyes, he put hands on hips and said in a loud voice, "Well, this is a fine how-do-ya-do! Travel three thousand miles across the country with a man and he don't even look at ya!"

Avram stiffened, shock telegraphing through his body. Then all at once he turned, saw Tommy, stood and ran the short distance between them. Then he looked his friend up and down, as though to reassure himself it was indeed Tommy Lillard standing before him. Finally, he enveloped Tommy in a bear hug, all the while shouting excitedly, "Tommy! You're alive! God has heard my prayers!"

Tommy was abashed by Avram's reaction for a moment, then he returned the hug with equal fervor. After a moment the two men parted and looked at each other at arms' length.

"Sure I'm alive, cuz, why wouldn't I be?" Tommy grinned.

"I've imagined all sorts of things. You are all right? You look tired."

"I'm fine, but I am beat," Tommy admitted.

"Then you should rest; we can talk later," Avram said. His tone, however, belied his words. He seemed more than a little anxious for Tommy to talk to him.

"No, cuz, I can rest later, we need to talk now. I've gone too long without talkin' to ya."

Tommy's last sentence seemed to have a profound and surprising effect on Avram. A strange look -- a mixture of anger and frustration -- clouded his features.

"You're goddamned right it's been too long!" Avram exploded suddenly. Tommy was shocked into immediate silence by Avram's use of an expletive that the rabbi himself had censured in Tommy. All the erstwhile train robber could do was stare at his friend, wide eyed and gaping. "Do you realize how worried I have been, how worried Rosalie has been? We didn't know if you were alive or dead," Avram was continuing, totally wrapped up in his tirade. "For the last three months I've been down to the marshal's office just like clockwork, looking to see if you'd been arrested, or shot, or lynched -- not one word from you! The least I could expect would be a note, a letter, a telegram -- even if it had to come from prison! Were you having so much fun robbing your trains and your banks and Wells Fargo offices that you forgot your friends?"

Tommy listened, and understanding finally dawned. "Avram -- " he began, but Avram was not in the mood for explanations.

"Don't you know that we love you? If you need food and clothing you don't have to rob people for the money for them. That's what friends are for -- I mean, my home is your home -- "

"But Avram -- " Tommy tried once again to break into the rabbi's tirade.

"Don't you interrupt me while I'm talking to you!" Avram countered, pointing a stern finger at Tommy, who turned desperate eyes to Rosalie. She could only shrug helplessly. She knew only too well that when her normally gentle-mannered husband was in a fit of temper, the only thing that one could do was allow him to exhaust himself.

"If you need food, I will feed you. If you need clothing I will clothe you. If you need a stake for a game of pokin -- I mean poker -- I might even be able to help you there. If it is excitement you want -- well, I don't know how I can help you, but I'm sure we could think of something!"

"Avram!" Tommy tried one more time, knowing it was useless.

"Can't you find it within yourself to stay here, settle down, quit robbing innocent people? My friend , I don't want to have to go to your funeral for many, many years yet!" Avram stood, face flushed, glowering balefully at Tommy.

"Are you through now, cuz?" Tommy took immediate advantage of the lull in the conversation. He crossed his arms and looked his friend in the ey determinedly. "Because if you are, there's a few things I wanna say."

Avram shrugged.

"Tell me, rabbi, does your Torah have anything to say about trust among friends?" Avram opened his mouth to speak but Tommy cut him off. "I can just bet it does. Where did you get the idea that I would be in jail, or lynched, shot, or arrested? No, never mind, that's partly my fault. I been goin' off with no explanation 'cept some cock-and-bull story about hunting. I guess I couldn't expect ya to think any better of me. Well, the truth of the matter is, cuz, that, strange as it may sound, I ain't been robbin' nobody. No siree, Tommy Lillard has been tryin' to walk the straight and narrow! Been damn successful, too, I've have ya know. I been bustin' my butt working at an honest job for the last few months, and I got near on a thousand dollars to show for it, too. Do ya wanna know just what I've been doin' all this time, Avram? It's gonna break your heart -- I been ridin' shotgun for Wells Fargo!"

It was Avram's turn to gape. Seeing that the rabbi had no comment to make, Tommy went on:

"Yeah, Wells Fargo. Ironic, ain't it? I've been takin' the dirtiest, most dangerous jobs, just so's I could get top dollar. That's how I got that bullet crease ya saw -- a robber shot me. Ya know, Avram, it wasn't for lack of temptation that I ain't been robbin'. I came across lots of opportunities. It's just that, every time I'd get the least bit tempted, every time I'd see the possibility of makin' a haul something real weird would happen. I'd see you, Avram. Damned if I didn't see you standing looking at me like ya were on the trail after I'd robbed that bank, lip bloodied from where I'd hit ya 'n' all. It happened everytime. I couldn't get that picture of you outa my head. So I went straight, and I even gave real serious consideration to payin' back that bank we robbed. But -- well, no matter what that chief said, my heart might be big, but it ain't that big!' Now what do ya think of all that, Avram?"

Avram stood still several moments in a state of shock , then a look of profound guilt crossed his features. "Oh, Tommy, how can you ever forgive me? I, who owe you my life several times over, did not believe in you enough, did not trust you. And all this time you were risking yourself -- doing the right thing! Oy, the chief rabbi was right, I am a schmendrick!"

"Hey, now, pard, ain't ya bein' just a trifle hard on yourself? Sure, maybe ya didn't trust me as much as you figured you should have -- but then I wasn't as truthful as I coulda been either. What say we forget about all that, huh?"

Avram smiled and folded Tommy in another bear hug. Exuberance satisfied, he stood back a pace and bade Tommy sit down.

"What are your plans now, Tommy?" the rabbi asked quietly once they'd both seated themselves.

"Don't know exactly. I like 'Frisco, though, and I think I'd like to hang around here. I mean, I got friends here .. an' all. I got enough saved up to live on for a while, and then I'll have to worry about gettin' some sorta job, I guess. I do know that my Wells Fargo days are over -- I'm gettin' too old for that line of work!"

Avram considered for a moment. Then his face lit up.

"Tommy! My visits to the marshal's office didn't go for nothing after all! I overheard just today -- the marshal needs a deputy!"

"A deputy? What's that got to do with me?"

"Think of it -- who would understand bank robbers and gunfighters better than a reformed bank robber? You've got the perfect experience! And your time with Wells Fargo -- what more could a marshal want?"

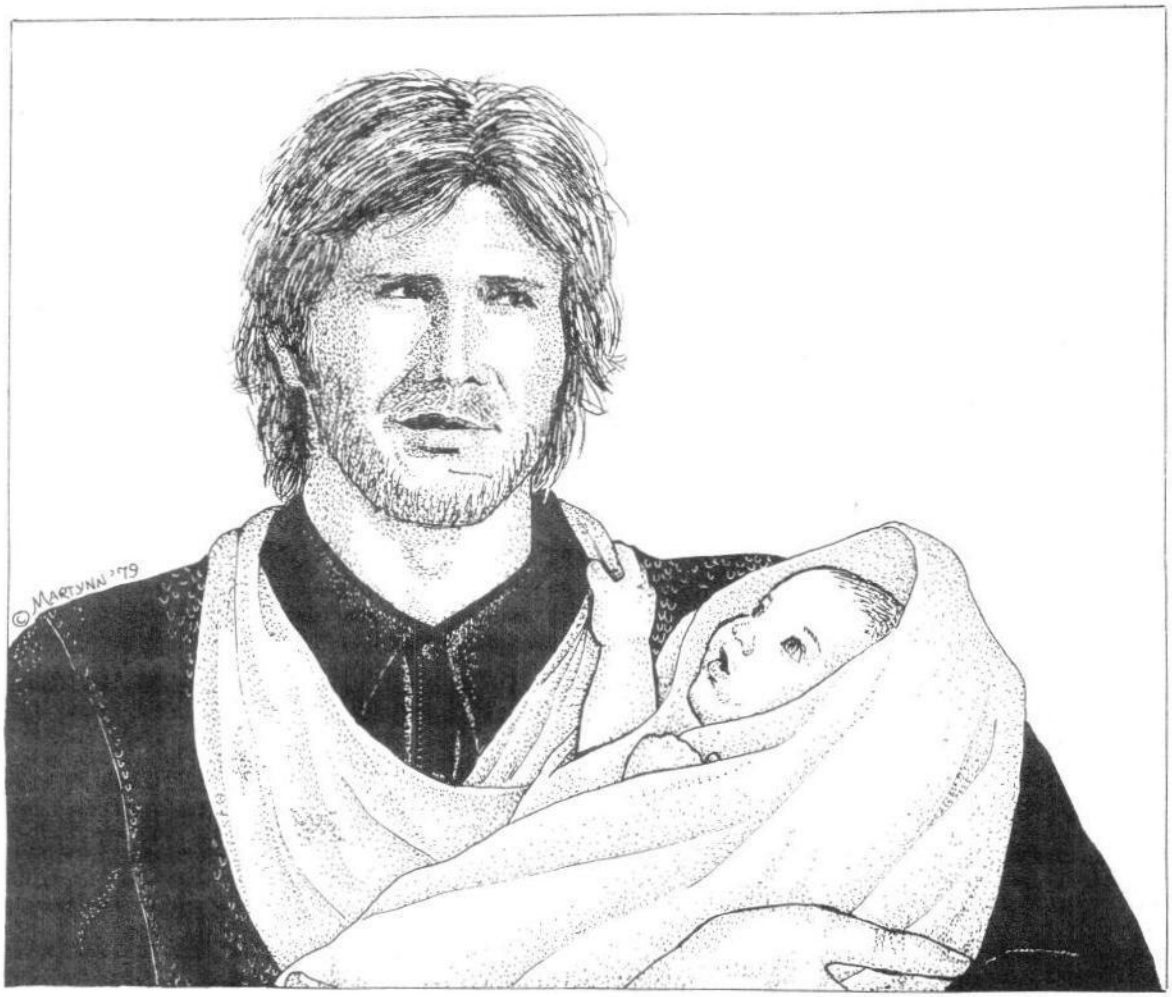
Tommy looked a bit skeptical of the kida, but intrigued as well. "I'll have to think that one over, cuz. It's an idea that'll take some gettin' used to. But I'll think about it." Tommy paused. "Hey, I ain't even seen your son yet, you ol' devil. I bet you're proud. Where is the tyke?

"Right here," Rosalie said suddenly. Neither man had noticed her slip out of the room and return with her son cradled in her arms. Carefully, she sat down next to Tommy and put the infant in his arms. Tommy looked panic-stricken, afraid to move or even breathe for fear of damaging his tender burden. Rosalie smiled, having experienced a similar scene before with Avram, and showed Tommy the correct way to hold a baby. Tommy looked down at his friend's son, a curious mixture of emotions playing across his face.

"Hey, cuz, if he had a beard, he'd look just like you," Tommy finally said, relaxing somewhat. "What'd ya name him?"

"Thomas Lillard Belinsky," Avram said softly; "he didn't 'holler like a Leslie' either."

Tommy looked at Avram somewhat mistily, then looked once again at the baby. He seemed touched beyond words for a very long time. When he did speak, his voice was low and husky.



"I'm honored, Avram and Rosalie, really honored. Thanks." Tommy cleared his throat. "I think you better take him back, though, I don't want to hurt him. Such a tiny thing ... "

Rosalie smiled understandingly and gathered her son to her. Tommy reached into his pocket and withdrew a small parcel, handing it to Avram. "For the baby," he explained as Avram fumbled to open it. After a moment the rabbi withdrew a tiny pair of mocassins, made of soft doeskin and delicately beaded.

"I met up with some Indian friends and seeing as I hadn't gotten anything for the baby, I made a deal with an old squaw for these. Like them?" Tommy asked.

"They're wonderful, such beautiful workmanship!" Avram marveled. "They must have been expensive."

"Yeah, kinda. The old lady was crafty, she wouldn't take just anything. I gave her my bowie knife."

"Your knife?" Avram recalled his own experiences with the Indians. He also recalled how westerners seemed to place their knives just below their horses and sidearms in order of importance. " You gave up your knife in exchange for a gift for a baby?"

Tommy beamed. "Sure. I don't need a knife no more, I got something better."

"I don't understand," Avram said.

"I got friends!" Tommy explained.

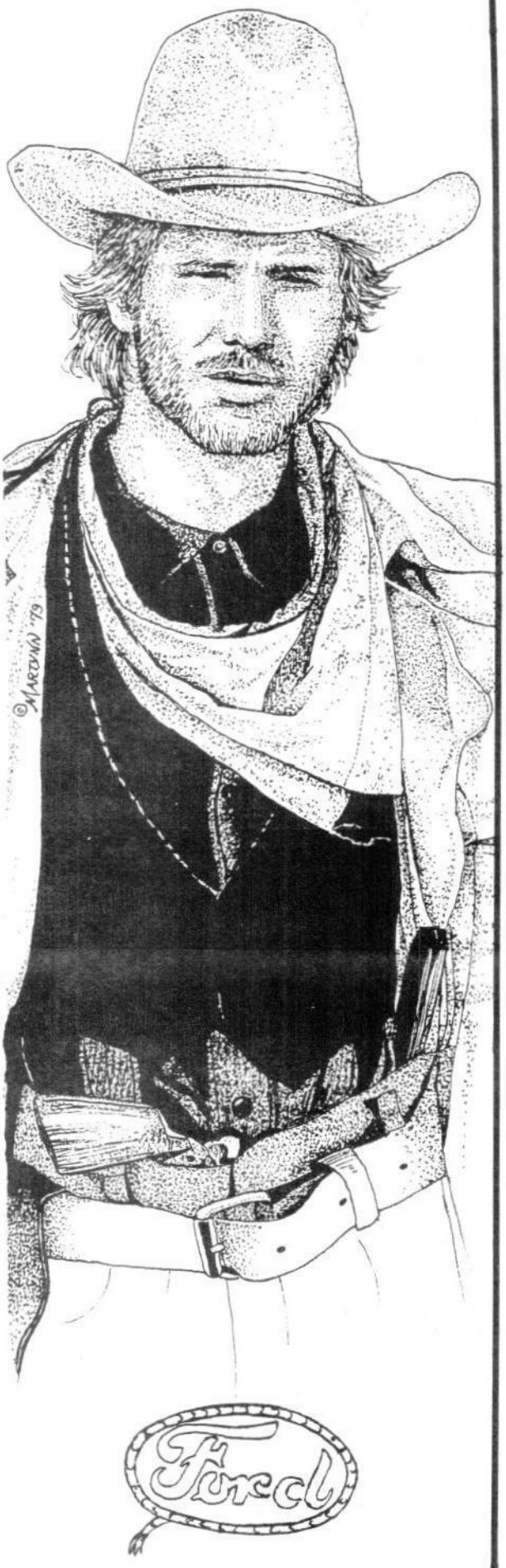
Avram smiled broadly. In his mind he heard the echo of an Indian voice, uttering a statement of curiosity in response to his own denial of owning a knife.

What man has no knife?

Avram looked at Tommy affectionately and he knew the answer: The man whose life is touched by God.

# Corellian Epitaph

In the cold and dark gorge he ran
His boot heels clacking on the wet stones.
Furthest in, he slipped
And fell
To face the forceful lance
Which skewered with treacherous aim
His brave heart to the clammy wall.
I saw it.
The suns do not shine on me now.




# THERE'S A FORD IN OUR FUTURE

## [AND I DON'T MEAN JERRY]

**MADGE MILLER**

As a playwright and director of plays I am perhaps more critical of both theatre and films than most viewers. THE FRISCO KID is a case in point; there were a number of things about it I didn't accept or enjoy to the degree others did -- but Harrison Ford was NOT one of them.

This ingratiating actor first projected his considerable (to me) appeal through STAR WARS, in a charming-rascal role calculated to zap females from 5 to 105 who can't resist a pseudo-villain with a 14-carat heart. His predictable conversion to Right Thinking by film's-end is a surefire star-making technique. It's obvious Mr. Lucas et al. recognized a highly marketable commodity in Ford, the sequel undoubtably being designed to win him an even larger share of glory. More to the point, Ford justified this faith and, excluding technical effects and robots, walked away with the picture.

Now in THE FRISCO KID, he plays a similar baddie, who wouldn't really frighten a two-year-old or even anyone's great-grandmother, and again plays it well. It is always next to impossible to tell how much is acting technique and how much is the man himself, if one judges by only a few films. Whichever, the image communicated is that of a man who is attractive rather than classically handsome, virile without being tiresomely macho, boyish minus the aftertaste of saccharin. Also, male viewers can react positively to his lack of either clothes-horse affectation or highgloss suavity. Although in the film he is unhampered by conventional regard for law and tradition, he finds himself helpless before a re-emerging streak of personal integrity. Goodness and Honor are not "in" 20th century concepts, yet Ford suggests both, much to the outward disgust and frustration of his characterization.

And yet these qualities of an earlier era are becoming part of what distinguishes the newly-perceived male protagonist from the anti-hero of some years back. Psychiatrists tell us that small boys are now to be encouraged to play with dolls, learn to cook, appreciate beauty -- even cry, just as little girls may fight, get filthy, and aspire to being engineers, business executives, or firefighters. Tenderness and vulnerability are not longer labled as feminine traits only; sensativity has been found to make a male actually more of a human being, stronger and more empathic. Here we come back to Harrison Ford, a man for this future. With his tender-tough appeal, he gives the impression of being equally at home with a .45 or a book of poetry, and why wouldn't he be? Bring back the Renaissance person, unfragmented and complete! Like a fine car, which combines time-tested values and an aware contemporary style with sound chassis, good maneuverability and consistant mileage, this Ford will be an important part of out film (and theatre?) future for as long as he may choose.

# Harrison Cake

1 (9-ounce) package condensed mincemeat
½ cup cold water
1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ cup molasses
2½ cups sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup water
¼ pound citron, chopped

Break mincemeat into pieces. Add cold water. Place over heat and stir until all lumps are throughly broken up. Heat to boiling; continue boiling for 3 minutes or until mixture is practically dry. Cool. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs, beating vigorously until smooth and creamy. Add molasses. Sift flour with soda and salt. Add alternately with water in small amounts, beating throughly after each addition. Fold in citron and cooled mincemeat. Pour into a paperlined pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 ) about 1¼ hours. Test with a toothpick or cake tester before removing from the oven. Makes 1 (9x9 inch) cake.

# SPACER'S DELIGHT

## BY

## BETH BOWLES

Sing songs of defiance into the night,
The stars as your timepiece make it all right.
Make friends with the darkness,
Talk to the moons,
And as your bird lifts
You can let out a tune ...

I've been to some planets,
Flown through their skies,
Carried their cargoes,
Bid them good-bye.
Run from their troopers,
Laughed at their might,
Spoke softly of danger,
Spacer's delight.

Sing songs of defiance into the night,
A song of the star-lances,
Spacer's delight.
The stars as your timepiece make it all right.
Sing songs of the star-ways,
Spacer's delight ...

(tune: "Cowboy's Delight" by John Denver)

# Lament Sung at a Corellian Wake

(Inspired by Susan Matthews'
"The Corellian Wake" )

## SHERRY MAGEE

(tune: "An Diran Than Soulder")*

To the skies we'll send thee, to the skies we'll send thee,
Stars at thy head and feet, space winds shall surround thee.

Though in song we know they fame,
Though the Rebels call thy name,
They'll not bring thee home again
That strode the stars so freely.

To the skies we'll send thee, to the skies we'll send thee,
Stars at thy head and feet, space winds shall surround thee.

Far from us your voice has gone,
Far from us your laughter's gone,
We can never bring thee home
That strode the stars so freely.

To the skies we'll send thee, to the skies we'll send thee,
Stars at thy head and feet, space winds shall surround thee.

Now is space a home for thee,
Now the Force thy keeper be,
Now the comet hears thy cry
That strode the stars so freely.

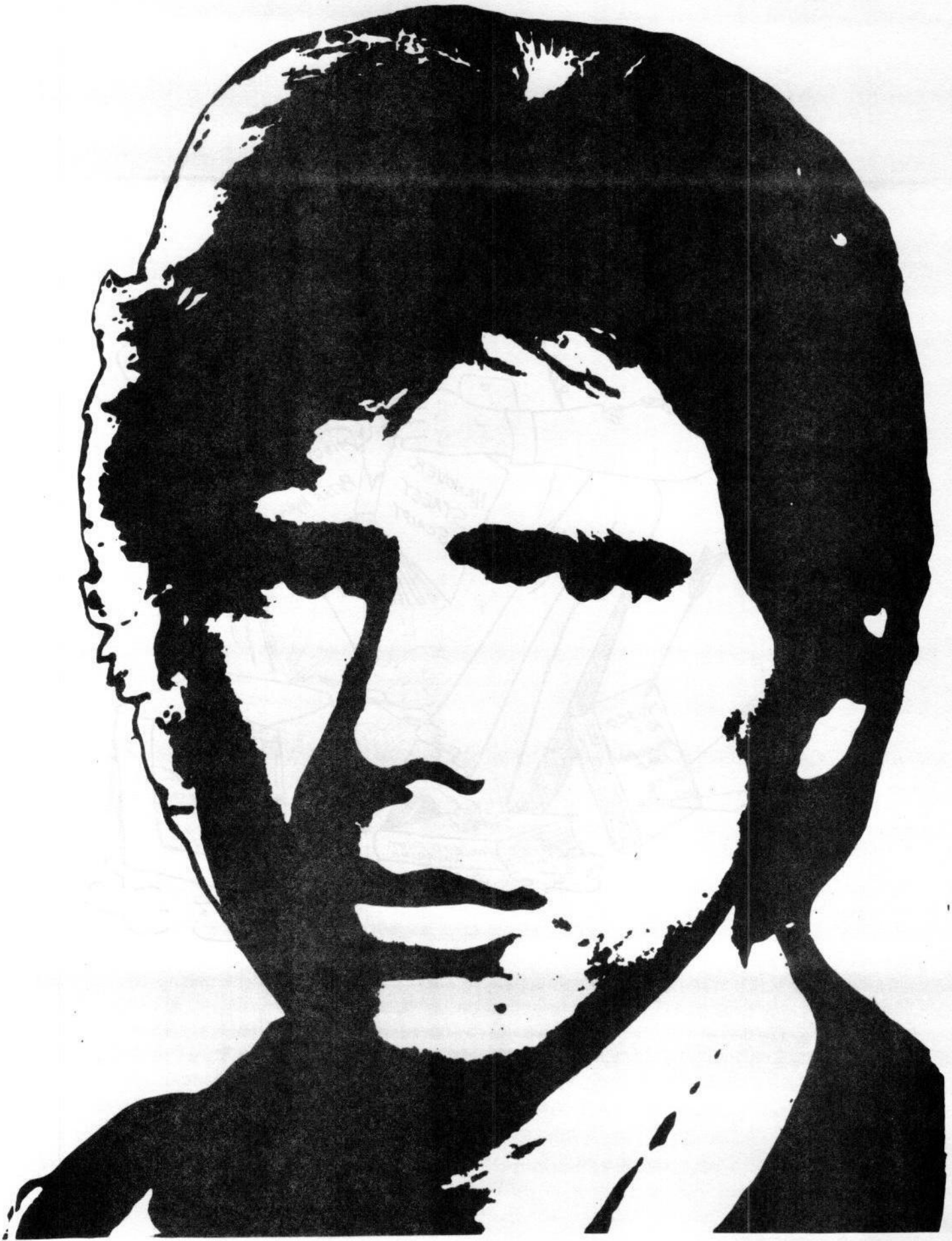
To the skies we'll send thee, to the skies we'll send thee,
Stars at thy head and feet, space winds shall surround thee.

Call the silent night of space
To be his final resting place,
The Falcon bear thee peacefully
The Universe all over.

To the skies we'll send thee, to the skies we'll send thee,
Stars at thy head and feet, space winds shall surround thee.

TO THE SKIES WE'LL SEND THEE, TO THE SKIES WE'LL SEND THEE,
STARS AT THY HEAD AND FEET, SPACE WINDS SHALL SUR-ROUND THEE.
THO IN SONG WE KNOW THY FAME, THO THE RE-BELS CALL THY NAME,
THEY'LL NOT BRING THEE HOME A-GAIN THAT STRODE THE STARS SO FREE-LY.

*copyright 1972, Gordon Bok and Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

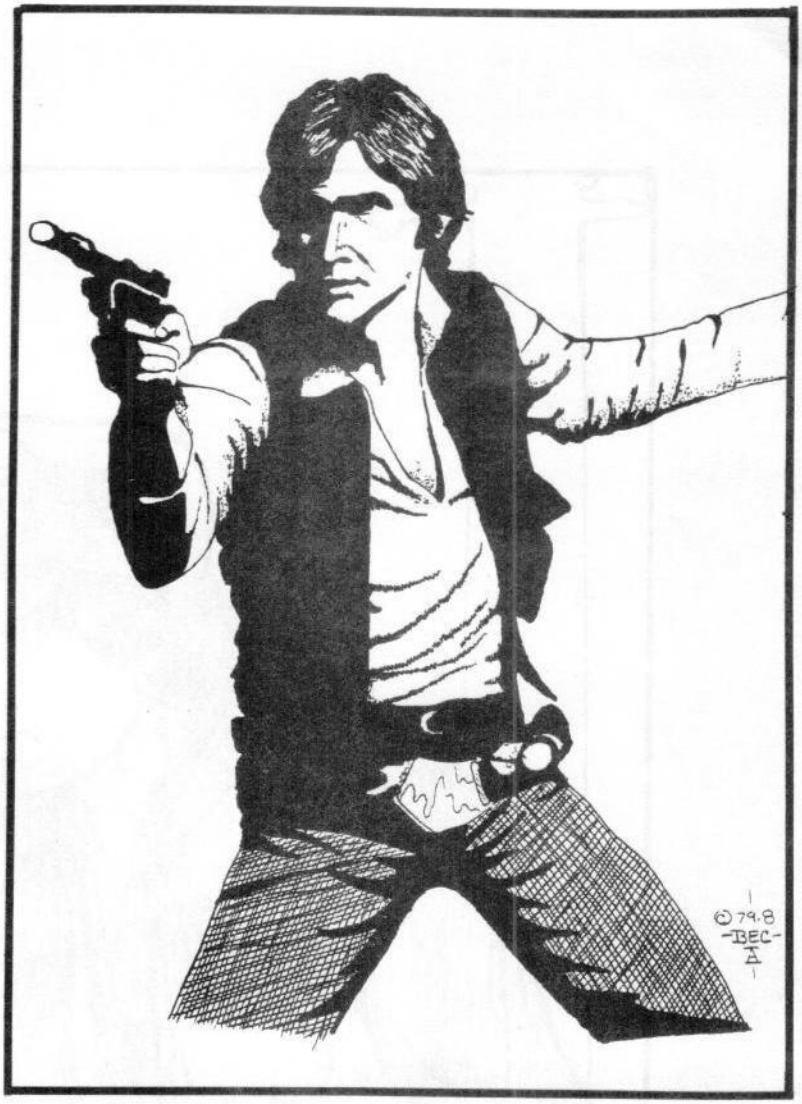


HANOVER STREET SCRIPT
MISDIRECTED BY PETER HYAMS
FRISCO KID
HARRISON FORD
Gene Wilder
FORCE 10 FROM NAVARONE
STAR WARS II
The Empire STRIKES Back
OR
The End of Han Solo
TESB

# HAN SOLO AT STARS' END

a review by

JANE FIRMSTONE-RAFFERTY




It must be assumed that HAN SOLO AT STARS' END is set before STAR WARS since there is no mention of either the Force or the Rebellion. It does eliminate the need to drag extra characters in and allows a little of Han's past to trickle through. The military background is 'legit'; Lucas oversaw the writing and gave us snatches of Han's background. Whether you agree with it or not, the background shown here is 'official'.

This is Brian Daley's third book and shows his growth as a writer. He handles all his characterizations very well, and outdoes himself on Han. He keeps the Corellian in character and manages to clean up his vocabulary without losing any of the color of his speech. He also expands on Chewbacca, making him more of a 'person' than we had time to see in SW. The Han/Chewie relationship is drawn more finely, too, with Han's loyalty to his one true friend show when Chewie is subdued and captured and Han is willing to risk his own freedom and life to try to save him against impossible odds. His grief at losing Chewie, no matter now temporarily, is real, and Daley makes us feel it, too.

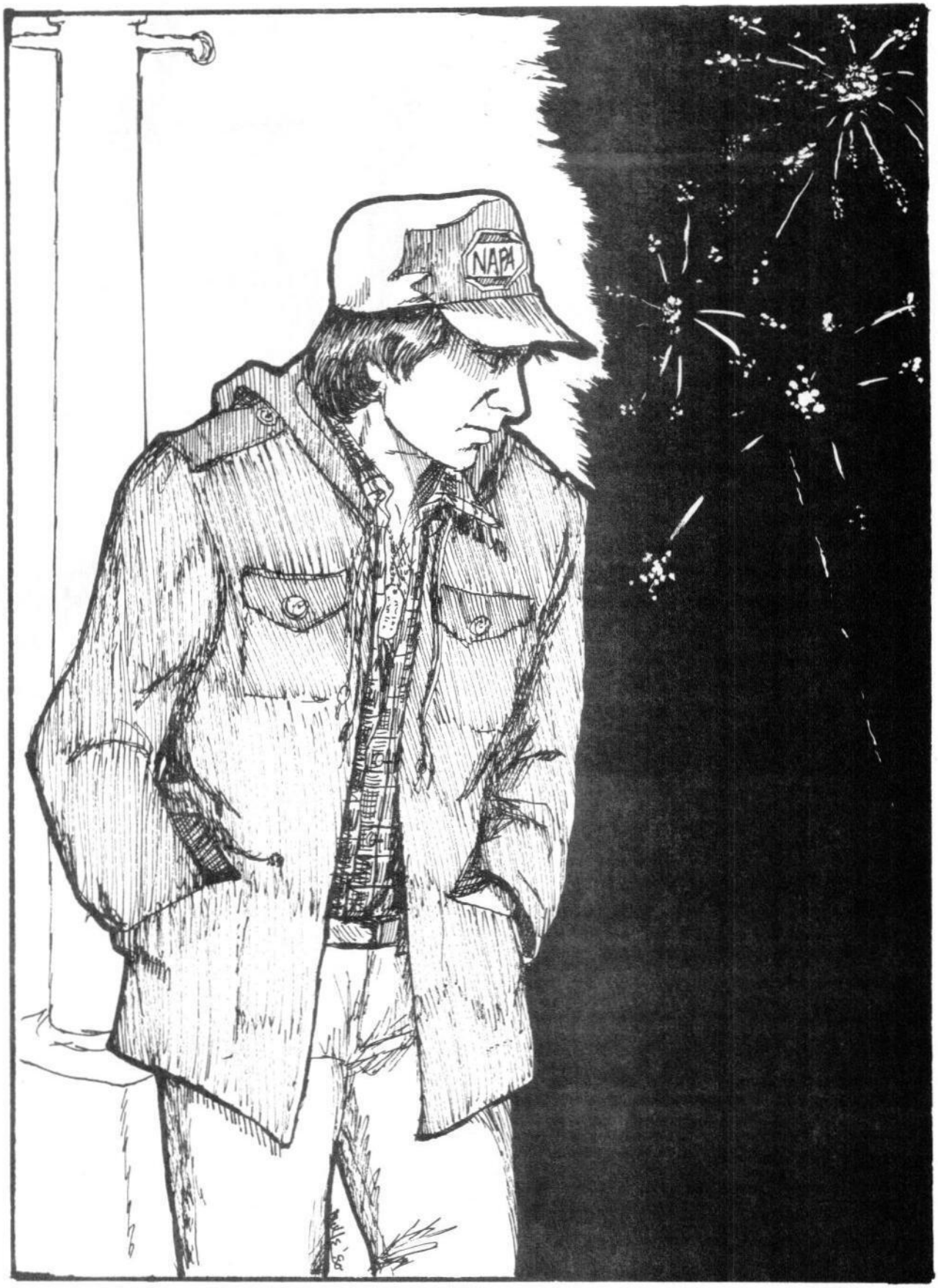
On the lighter side, Daley gives us a hilarious look at one of the more inventive ways Han has of paying off debts to people he doesn't like. Considering what he does to Ploovo Two-For-One, one can only speculate on his method of paying back Jabba the Hut.

The droids Bollux and Blue Max are a couple of likeable fellows, sort of a more personable 3PO and R2 all in one package. After suffering through pathetic characterizations like those in the movie THE BLACK HOLE these two are a welcome relief. Even Han reverses his attitude toward droids a little when it comes to them. Daley handles them with skill enough to make you care about them as much as the organic protagonists.

The book opens with Han, as usual, in trouble with the law. Corporate Sector Authority is after him for gun running. He drops the Falcon down into the atmosphere to escape their scrutiny and shows us his skill as a pilot by 'threading the needle' through a narrow mountain pass and delivering the guns as promised. He removes his dish antenna when he scrapes the Falcon going through the pass and goes to Doc for repairs and a bit of much-needed forgery . He discovers that Doc is missing, along with a number of other people in the galaxy, and that he will get the repairs done only if he helps Doc's daughter Jessa find her father and the rest of the kidnapped people. The action begins and never lets up, through dogfights in a fighter plane, Chewie's kidnapping and Han's impersonation of an entertainer.

Han's entrance to Stars' End as the Master Marksman is trite, but his outfit is worthy of comment: a tight fitting black jumpsuit, with epaulets, piping braid and a yellow sash. One wonders just how much fan fiction Daley has read -- we keep putting Han in black jumpsuits but we never knew anyone else would!

The ending is action-packed but it doesn't hold up well to close scrutiny. Of course there is no way to tell if this is Daley's ending or if it was Lucas' "suggestion". It doesn't work well, but the rest of the book makes up for it. It's not a bad start for pro STAR WARS writing; certainly it is much better than the pro STAR TREK books on the shelves. Maybe Lucas learned his lesson with SPLINTER OF THE MIND'S EYE. We can only hope. Meanwhile, Daley has put out another SW book called HAN SOLO'S REVENGE. Is this anything like Montezuma's? Tune in and find out. Meanwhile, this book is worth the hard cover price and more than worth that for the paperback edition. Buy it -- and enjoy.


NAPA

# *Yankee Doodle Dandy*

## BY JANI HICKS

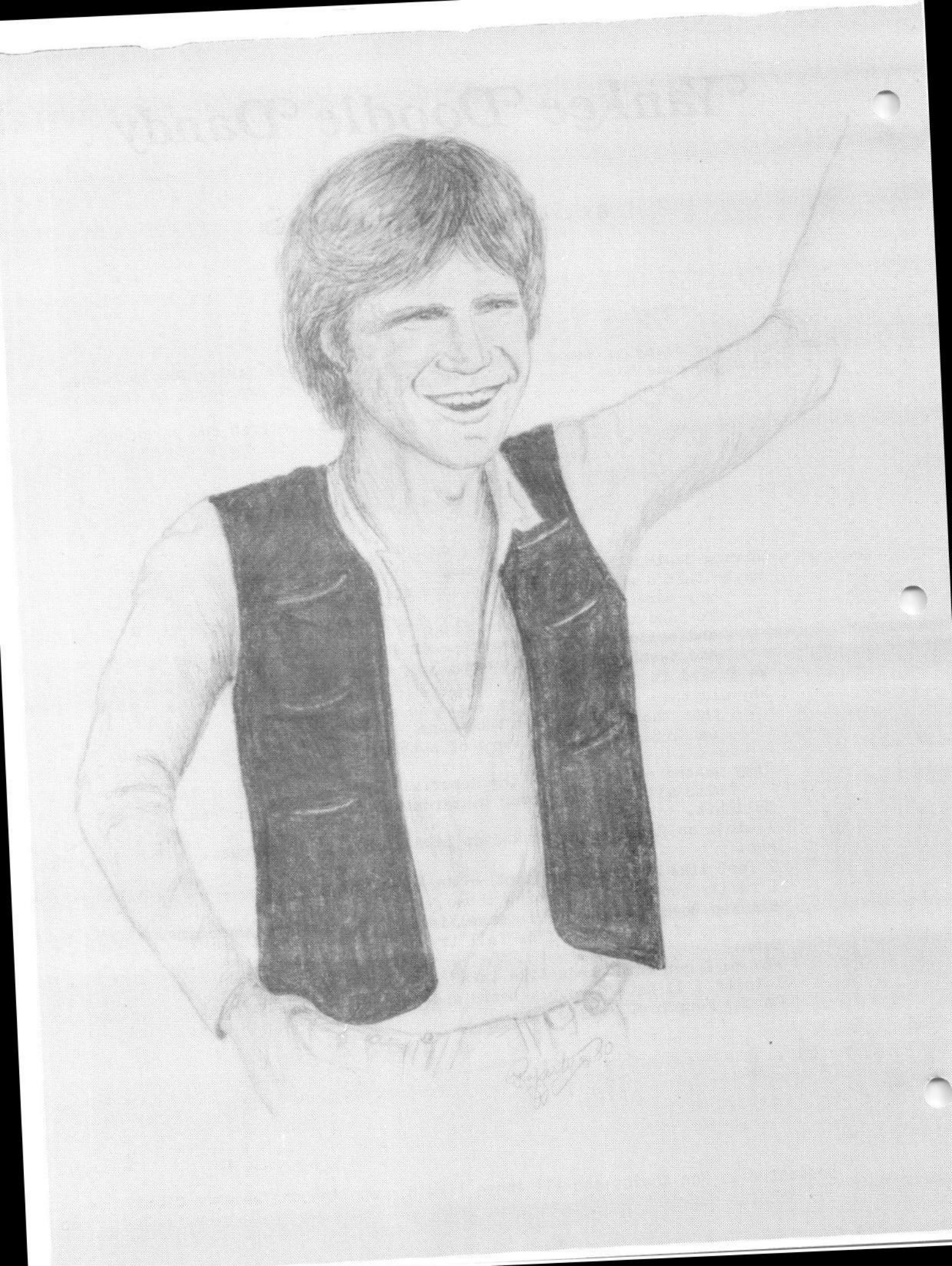
*I am the living death, a Memorial Day on wheels. I am your Yankee Doodle Dandy, your John Wayne come home, your Fourth of July firecracker exploding in the grave.*

-- Ron Kovics, veteran and paraplegic

Living death, that's what it was.
Maybe that's why I'm not quite sure what living's about
    any more.
I'm sick and tired of all the flags
    and balloons
    and twenty-one gun salutes.
We fucked it up, people!
Why did they send me over there to do a job
    that they knew couldn't be done
    and bring me home to more of nothin' than I left?

They wanted me to ride in the Memorial Day parade
    with all the other poor bastards who did a turn in 'Nam.
Bullshit.
I ain't no freak to be gawked at like a clown in a circus.
Huh.
I feel like a clown sometimes -- an A-1 sucker.
I really thought I was doing those geeks a favor.
Big Ken Boyd, going over to make Vietnam safe for the Americans.
And tens of thousands of us fell trying to do it.
Damn.
Why do I get into moods like this?
I think I'll have a coupla beers and go off like a skyrocket
On the Fourth of July.

Dedicated to Ron Kovics and all those like him who thought we were right.



# *Ties*

## SHEILA PAULSON

Hey, Chewie, you ready to go?
No, I ain't gonna stick around.
Nobody ties Han Solo down,
And they're not gonna start now.
I got places to go and people to see,
Cargoes to haul.
That's the only way to be free.
Whenever I get the urge,
I point the Falcon toward the stars
And I'm gone.
People have tried to hold me.
They found out pretty fast it doesn't work.
So don't tell me what to do, Chewie.
Crazy rebels, what do I want to stay here for?
I'd have to be nuts to risk my life
In some stupid war.
You got to believe in something like that
To stick around when you don't have to.
I'll leave a message for Luke.
I'm sorry he doesn't want to come with us.
He's pretty good in a fight; I could use him.
But he's gonna stay here. You couldn't drag him away.
Too bad. He's a good kid; I kinda like him.
Leia too. She's too mouthy a lot of the time,
But she's got spirit, though.
Hell, Chewie, you know me better than that by now.
There's no money in it. What do I want to stay here for?
Han Solo's heading for the stars and home.
What do you mean, this could be home?
Crazy Wookiee, you let them get to you, didn't you?
Well, I won't. I ain't hanging around.
It's not for me. No way.
So what do you mean, when am I going?
I'll go when I get good and ready.
Nobody's gonna tell me I can't hang around here.
Han Solo goes where he wants to go.
When he wants to go and not before.
Yeah, I know we could be hauling something profitable.
Well, I'm not broke yet.
I still got my reward. There's no hurry.
Relax, Chewie.
We'll be gone soon enough; what's your hurry?
I thought you were the one who wanted to stay.
No, don't get the ship ready yet. I'll tell you when.
What are you looking at me like that for?
I know what I'm doing.

# You Ain't Gonna Go

CHRISTINE JEFFORDS

1

There, that's done it, kid--
I got 'im-- Me? Oh, hell, I'm fine,
he just clipped my elbow,
and it was my left, anyhow.
--Damn' grub-eatin' Kartyryni--
can't trust those chitin-headed insectoids
a millimeter, once they get on the honey-rum.
--No, I don't figure
he was an Imperial snitch. Too amateurish.
Just a drunk
that happened not to like your face, kid.
--Hey, you don't look too good.
Did he get you? Where? Whythell
didn't you say so! Pull up your shirt
and lemme have a look--

Oh, Sharl, he got you all right.
--No, don't look. You don't want to.
--Dammit, you sit still! You want
to break that crisped flesh open
and start yourself bleedin' to death?
He burned you one
on the side of your ribcage--
damn, I wish Chewie was here.
--Sit still, I said! He'll be comin'.
This ain't a big spaceport--
once he hears there was shootin'
he'll be comin' on the run.
We'll get you back to the Falcon,
and from there on we're home free--

You're lookin' awful white, kid.
You ain't gonna faint on me--
are you?
Sharl dammit, you did.

2

I don't like the looks of this.
Might almost say
I got a bad feelin' about it.
But you're gonna make it, kid,
you're gonna be o.k.,
you hearin' me?
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

You breathe, kid,
you hear me? I ain't takin'
no corpses back to Base,
messin' up my clean ship
with dead bodies. And what the hell
am I gonna say to Leia
if I bring you back dead?
I'm in charge of you,
ain't I? supposed to keep you safe
while you look after your Rebel business?
I don't even wanta think
the kinda things she'd say to me
if I blew it--kid, you ain't gonna
put me up for that, you hear?
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

What about Kenobi, hey?
You think he sat twenty years in that desert
keepin' his eye on you, scarin'
those Sandpeople off you that day--you think
he told you what you were, gave you
your dad's lightsaber, taught you about that Force--
for this? You think he fought Vader
and got himself killed to save us--you--
just so's you could die
in some damfool barrom brawl?
You remember what I told you
on the Falcon, just after,
when those TIEs got on us?
You want Kenobi to've wasted himself?
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

What about Vader, kid? You owe him
for your folks, your aunt 'n' uncle,
your pal Biggs, Kenobi--all of 'em;
you gonna buy it
'fore you see him down? I wouldn't.
No Corellian alive
would let that big a debt pass by,
we'd crawl back up out of hell
to finish up our business,
and you're the next best thing there is
to an adopted Corellian, and I ain't gonna
let you default on a contract, kid.
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

What about the Rebellion, then?
What about this New Republic
that everybody's so hot to build?
Ain't you the first
of the new Jedi Order, the guy
that's gonna bring it back
from the past and its own ashes?
Listen at me, I sound like Leia,
but it's true, ain't it? You got too much
ahead of you, too many people
dependin' on you, to give up now.
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

Aw, kid, you can't do this to me.
How many friends you think I got?
I know you figure me
a hail-fellow-well-met
with half the Galaxy, but I'll tell you
a big dark secret, kid--it's all an act.
And as for people
I can open up to--I can count 'em
on one hand, and Chewie's the thumb.
You're the first finger, and I ain't
gonna lose you, kid, I ain't gonna
let you do this to me!
You might as well
make up your mind to it--I'm not
gonna stop pumpin', or sharin'
my air with you till you wake up!
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

Dammit all to hell, it just ain't fair
for you to have to die like this!
It oughtta be me
lyin' there, not you--
you don't belong here, never did.
Come on, kid. Try.
Try, dammit! You ain't givin' up
this easy! I won't have it!
You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

Set and Sharl and Dallin,
you can't let him die!
You hear me, you Corellian gods?
This is Han Solo talkin' at you,
and he says you ain't gettin' this kid,
you ain't takin' him home today!

You ain't gonna leave me, kid,
you ain't gonna go!

3

("Han?")
Kid?
Can you hear me?
("Uh-huh.")

Don't you move, kid. I'm right here.
And here comes Chewie in the door,
lookin' like a thunderhead--here, pal!
Over here!
("Arr-rowrr?")

Pick him up easy, big fella.
He's got a burn, but we can patch him
temporary, when we get to the ship.
He'll be all right.
("Gharr-mm. Arrau.")

Whaddaya mean, I ain't a medic!
I don't need to be a medic! How the hell many
blaster burns you think I've seen,
since I went to space? Think I can't tell
one that's gonna heal from one that won't?

("Rrrarr.")
That's it. Kid, you just relax.
("Han?")
Huh, what?

("Han, I thought--
I thought I felt myself
slipping away, and then
it was like somebody grabbed my hand
and pulled me back. It wasn't Ben.
I know his touch. Did you--?")

Aw, shut up and rest,
will ya, kid? You know what I think
about your Force mumbo-jumbo.
("Yeah.
'All a lotta simple tricks 'n' nonsense.'
But I felt you, Han.")
Bantha crap.
You're just tougher'n you look,
that's all. I knew it all along.
You ain't gonna leave us, kid.
You ain't gonna go.

# FACETS

## past and future

### BACK ISSUES

#1 -- still a very few available by mail only. 75¢ first class. Contents include poetry by Martynn, Pat Carpenter, Kelly Hill, and Jane Firmstone, a synopsis of "The Possessed" by Elyse Dickenson, and art by Martynn, Paulie Gilmore, Susan W. Perry, J. Rafferty, Catherine Strand and Kelly Hill.

#2 -- a HANOVER STREET special. Contents include "Visit to a Small Air Force" by Jani Hicks (a parallel universe vignette); "And Leave Your Friends and Go" by Kelly Hill (the way HANOVER STREET really ended); a film review by Susan K. Prather; original lyrics to the HANOVER STREET theme by Jani Hicks; poetry by Martynn, Jane Firmstone, Beth Bowles; cartoons by Judi L Hendricks and Nancy Duncan; and art by Martynn, Paulie Gilmore, Susan W. Perry, JJ Adamson, Helen Burnotte and Kelly Hill. $1.30 in person, $1.75 first class

### UPCOMING ISSUES

#4 -- still needs submissions of all kinds. Deadline for written work is May 1, art deadline June 10. Tentative contents include "Echoes of the Past" by Sheila Paulson (Han stops off to see an old friend and gets the surprise of his life); "The Riding Lesson" by Christine Jeffords (Han on a taun-taun -- need we say more?); poetry by Jani Hicks, Ronni Sacksteder, Martynn, Beth Bowles, Sheila Paulson and Christine Jeffords; art by Martynn, Paulie Gilmore, Judi L. Hendricks, Larry Blake and Becky Aulenbach; plus reviews, letters, marketplace and more. Tentative due date: July 1, 1980

#5 -- due for Christmas 1980, this is our holiday issue. We're looking for prose/poetry/filks/art on any holiday with a Ford tie-in (Christmas, Hannukah, Life Day, Thanksgiving, New Years, etc.) Prose deadline July 1, poetry or filk deadline Sept. 1, art deadline Nov. 1. Tentative contents to include "Home For Christmas" by Sherry Magee (Ken Boyd's uneasy Yule holiday with the family he never really 'came home' to); "Tidings of Comfort and Joy" by Denise Sheets (Officer Bob Falfa, a little boy and Santa Claus) and "The Life Day Carol" by The Chicago Contingent Plus One.

On all of the above, story requirements are as follows: they must be legibly typewritten, preferably under 25 single spaced pages, tho longer will be considered, include return postage and be centered around any Ford character. We know there are a lot more talented fen out there, so let us hear from you!

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# SOUTHERN CON

## July 4–6

Southern Con, a STAR WARS/STAR TREK/ general sci-fi convention will be held in Nashville, Tennesee over the July 4th weekend. Hosted by Jan Sidwell, editor of the Mos Eisley Tribune . Guests of Honor will be DAVID PROWSE and ANTHONY DANIELS!

It will be held at the Raddison Hotel, the newest and most beautiful hotel in Nashville. The raddison features three restaurants, a disco, a pool, sauna and a host of other goodies.

During the con there will be an art auction, a costume contest with prizes for the best costumes, lots of fan and pro dealers, a host of films and a video cassette room with a 60 inch screen!

Rates: $25.50 till March 1, $27 March 1 - June 7, $30 thereafter. One day tickets also available. This will be a big con without the crowds. Attendence is limited to 1000, so register NOW! For more information contact: Jan Sidwell, P.O. Box 40973, Nashville, Tenn, 37204. Please enclose a s.a.s.e.